

BOUND TO GO WEST

**Or, The Luck
of a Poor Boy**
NEXT WEEK!

HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.

Price 10 cents. See 8th Page.



A PAPER FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

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No. 389

Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor,

Or, A Record Trip
Around the World

AND HIS ELECTRIC FLYING MACHINE:

By "NONAME."



Down, down they plunged. Their suspense was soon ended. The machine struck the water at a slant. A violent splash followed, and as the brine dashed over them, Jack shouted desperately: "Try to save yourselves!"

Pa's Awful Ignorance.

Most every day when I'm at school
The teacher tells us things
About the birds and animals
And presidents and kings;
And then, at night, when I ast pa
If what she says is so,
He reads his paper right along,
And says: "I dunno!"

One day she told us that the world
Is round, just like a ball,
And that there's nothing down below
It's standin' on at all.
I ast pa if she told the truth,
He read his paper through,
And put his feet up on a chair,
And said: "Oh, I dunno!"

And once the teacher said the sky
Ain't heaven's floor, and tried
To make us think no angels walk
Along the other side.
And so that night I ast my pa,
And all he said was: "Oh,
Don't bother me about such things,
I'm busy—I dunno!"

I used to kind of think, somehow,
That my pa knew a lot—
But that was wrong, or if he did
I guess that he's forgot.
Since I've got started into school,
Most every day or so
I hear about a hundred things
Pa doesn't seem to know.

Jack Wright and His Electric Flying Machine.

By "NONAME."

CHAPTER I.

A BIG WAGER.

"It can't be done!"
"But I say it can."
"I'll bet \$50,000 you can't do it."
"Done! I'll take that wager, Mr. Morgan."

The speakers were Jack Wright, a famous young inventor, and Donald Morgan, the rich president of the New York Geographical Society.

It was a pleasant night in May, and they stood in the midst of a group of gentlemen, at the close of a meeting in Carnegie Hall.

Jack was then a fine-looking youth of nineteen, with a powerful figure, keen, dark eyes, curly hair and sharp features. He was full of pluck and ambition, and talented with great inventive power.

Mr. Morgan, on the contrary, was a tall, cynical man, with a gray beard, cold, blue eyes, and was of a mean, skeptical nature. Observing that every one present was interested, he said in dry tones:

"So you are sure you can go around the world in twenty days, eh?"
"I am positive of it," said Jack. "I can't understand why you consider the feat impossible."

"Then I'll tell you," replied Mr. Morgan slowly. "The earth is about 25,000 miles in girth. In order to encircle it, you would have to travel day and night at the rate of fifty-two and one-twelfth miles an hour. There is no machine in existence which can do that, so you see I am not carried away by any absurd ideas when I contend that it can't be done."

"Pardon me," answered Jack, "but you are laboring under a grave mistake, for I have just built a flying machine that can easily do the trick. As I have tested it, I know exactly what it can do."

"I shall stick to my doubts until I see the feat done," obstinately answered Morgan. "As the wager holds good, let us arrange this matter strictly on a business basis. In the first place, you are to start from your native village of Wrightstown at twelve o'clock at night, on the first day of June. Secondly, you must permit a man I'll send as a witness to go with you. Thirdly, you must time yourself from Wrightstown to do the trip in twenty days, accidents or no accidents. And lastly, I insist that you do not lay claim to the time gained when figuring for going from west to east. Moreover, you must keep as near to the parallel of longitude upon which you start as you possibly can."

"That is fair," said Jack quietly. "Draw up your agreement, and we will deposit it with our checks in the care of the treasurer of this society."

The interest of every one present kept increasing as they went on talking. Within a few minutes the checks and agreement were ready, and having been placed in the hands of the stakeholder, Jack said smilingly:

"Gentlemen, as it is getting late, I will leave you now. I trust that I shall have the pleasure of your company on the night I start on my record trip around the world."

Every man present assured him they would be on hand to witness the ascension,

and the young inventor put on his hat and departed.

In the lobby he was met by an old sailor with a wooden leg, a glass eye, and a sandy beard, who answered to the name of Tim Topstay.

He was a veteran sailor of the U. S. frigate Wabash, could reel off yarns of the most outrageous kind, and had accompanied Jack on all his travels aboard the contrivances the boy had formerly invented.

Under his arm was a little red, howling monkey, named Whiskers, which Tim had once captured in Africa.

"Blow me fer a lubber if I thought yer wuz er comin' out o' thar!" growled the old sailor, as he took a chew of navy plug, and centered his good eye on the young inventor.

"Business of importance detained me, Tim," laughed Jack. "I asked you and Fritz to come inside, but you preferred to wait out here for me."

"Aye, aye, so we did; an' a long wait we had, too. See here, Jack?"

"Well?"
"D'yer know what happened when I kep' ther gunners waitin' fer ammernition, when I wuz aboard o' ther frigate Wabash, when I wuz in ther navy?"

"No. What happened, Tim?"

"I'll tell yer, my hearty," replied the old sailor seriously. "Yer see, it happened this way. We wuz in ther midst o' an engagement w' ther enemy, an' all ther powder wuz used up wot we had on deck. I wuz ordered below ther magazine ter git more. But I hauled to on ther way ter light my pipe. Wot happened? A six-pounder flew in through a port hole, an' as it shot past my finger head it blew out ther match, an' landed in ther powder."

"Then you lost your smoke, I suppose?" laughed Jack.

"Bless your heart, no. That 'ere shot wuz red hot, an' lit ther terbacky in my pipe; but see how near it came ter knockin' my head off! If I hadn't stopped, an' kep' ther gunners waitin' I wouldn't a-had ther shot flyin' so close ter my face. Well, sir, I carried up ther powder, an' ther gunners used it, an' we licked ther enemy."

"Didn't anything serious happen in the magazine?" asked Jack.

"Lordy, no! What could a-happened?"

"You said that gunshot was so hot you lit your pipe from it, as it flew past your head?" laughed Jack.

"Aye, aye! So I did."

"Then you said the red-hot shot landed in the powder, and yet nothing happened. Tim, you are the worst old liar I ever met."

"Gee! Did I say that?"

"Certainly you did."

"Waal, now, I fergot ter mention that afore ther shot reached ther powder it passed over a cake of ice, and that cooled it off."

Just then the strains of a wheezy accordion burst in on him, interrupting his yarn, and he made a wry face, and roared: "Here comes Fritz Schneider, an' that 'ere blamed 'accordion o' hisn. I wish I had an ax ter smash it!"

Just then the hall door opened and a fat, yellow-haired, young Dutchman came in with an accordion in his hand, and a big parrot named Bismarck perched upon his head.

He was another friend and traveling companion of Jack's.

In fact these three always traveled together.

Fritz hated Tim's yarns, and the sailor detested the Dutchman's accordion.

Moreover, there was a feud between the parrot and monkey that often resulted in fights.

"Shimney Christmas!" exclaimed Fritz. "Where yer yas all dose dimes, Shack?"

"Don't grumble," laughed the boy. "I've just found a use for my new flying machine. We will soon make a trip around the world in her on record time."

"Gee whiz!" chuckled Tim. "I'm glad ter hear that. As a navigator I've been gittin' rusty."

"Und me, neider," added Fritz, nodding and blinking his watery blue eyes.

"Avast thar! Wot d'you know about navigatin'?" growled Tim.

"But I know somedings apoud cookin' und vorkin' electric machines," Fritz chuckled.

Just at this point the parrot bit the monkey's tail, and a fight began between them. After a struggle Tim and Fritz separated their pets, and blamed each other for the trouble.

"Come, come, boys," said Jack, interrupting them. "Stop fighting. We must go. It's getting late, and we have some stops to make before we reach home."

Tim and Fritz followed Jack to the street, and they hastened away.

When Donald Morgan emerged from the building, he met an unprincipled man by accident, who had before done some shady work for him.

"Ralph Crosby!" he exclaimed in pleased tones. "Just the fellow I want to see."

"What's up now, Mr. Morgan?" demanded the shabby fellow eagerly. "A chance to make money?"

"I'll pay you ten thousand dollars to make a balloon ascension and prevent a fellow, with whom I made a wager, from making his trip in twenty days."

"Give me the details. I'll do the job if it can be done."

"Here's my cab. Get in and I'll lay out a plan of action for you."

They entered the vehicle and were driven away, plotting to defeat Jack Wright. Ignorant of this mean, treacherous piece of business, Jack and his two friends finished their errands, and going to the Grand Central Depot they boarded a train.

Crosby had gone on to Wrightstown ahead of them when he finished with Morgan.

Jack and his friends finally reached their destination.

Wrightstown proved to be a pretty fisher village on the Atlantic coast.

It stood at the head of a small, land-locked bay, at the entrance to which towered a lighthouse on the rocky headland.

A fine coach and team carried the trio to Jack's handsome residence near a creek, beside which Jack's workshops were located.

Tim and Fritz resided with Jack, and generally aided him to construct his wonderful inventions.

"I'm glad I accepted the invitation of that society to attend their meeting to-night," said the boy, "for it has led to a chance for us to utilize my new inventions much sooner than I expected. But I must say I don't like the looks of Donald Morgan. He's a man I do not trust. I fear we will have trouble on account of time during the cruise."

"Aye, now," said Tim threateningly, "if his man don't behave like a gentleman, keelhaul me if I don't foul his riggin', an'—"

"Hallo!" interrupted Fritz suddenly, as they alighted from the carriage in the yard, and he glanced toward Jack's big workshop. "Vot's dot?"

"What are you talking about?" demanded the young inventor quickly.

"See dere!" gasped Fritz, pointing excitedly toward the building.

Jack glanced keenly in the direction toward which he pointed, and suddenly observed the shadowy figure of a man.

It was Ralph Crosby.

He had pried open a window of the shop, and was then in the act of climbing through, in order to reach the interior.

"A stranger!" commented Jack. "Shabbily dressed, too. I wonder what powerful attraction induced him to break in?"

"Dose bapers vos often shokhen apoud dot airship," suggested Fritz. "Und mebbe he was coom ter shtolen your infentions yet."

"By Jove, I believe you are right. It would be worth a big fortune to that fellow to filch my ideas. We had better capture him, and find out exactly what his purpose is. Come on, boys!"

Jack rushed across the lawn, followed by his two friends.

Reaching the door, he unlocked it with his private key.

Into the shop dashed the three, and Fritz turned on the electric lights.

A blinding, dazzling white gleam suddenly flooded the enormous room, and they heard a cry of alarm from the intruder.

The room contained Jack's new flying machine, and the stranger was standing beside it with a paper and pencil in his hand.

CHAPTER II.

UP IN THE SKY.

Jack observed that the intruder was clad in shabby clothing, and wore a dark, bushy beard on his thin, homely face.

"Hello, there!" exclaimed the young inventor angrily. "What in thunder are you doing in my shop, old fellow?"

The stranger glared at him a moment, and replied in glib tones:

"I am a reporter for the New York Globe, and was assigned to write up an article about the new flying machine you invented, Mr. Wright."

"Indeed!" said Jack skeptically. "And you had the cheek to break in here to get a description of it without asking leave, I see."

"You were not in when I applied at your house," replied the stranger, "and as I had to get the information I needed to-night, why, I came out here, and got in the best way I could without asking permission."

"I see you have a pencil and paper in your hand. You must have begun to describe the machine before we entered?"

"Yes," assented the young man. "That's a fact."

"Permit me to see what you have written."

"No, no! It isn't complete, and—and—"

He became confused, and was trying to put the paper in his pocket, when Jack suddenly darted forward and caught him in a vise-like grip.

"Give me that paper!" exclaimed the young inventor sternly.

"I won't!" snarled Crosby.

"Then I'll take it from you by force, sir!"

And so saying Jack threw the man upon the floor, there was a brief struggle, which Tim and Fritz watched with interest, and then Jack arose.

In his hand he held the paper he wanted. At one glance he saw that instead of

being a newspaper article, the paper contained a partial drawing of the flying machine.

It was sketched with the master hand of a skilled draughtsman, and showed some of the mechanical parts of the invention which Jack wished to keep secret until he was granted the patents he had applied for.

It was Crosby's design to study this drawing of the mechanism at his leisure, in order to know how to injure the flying machine to retard its flight.

But he had not counted on being caught in the act.

"Just as I feared," commented Jack, showing the drawings to his two friends. "He's a thief, and has come here to steal and sell my ideas."

"Have ther pirate arrested!" growled Tim, scowling at the man.

"Vhy don't yer poke his neck?" Fritz demanded.

The stranger got upon his feet, and drew a revolver from his pocket.

"If any of you attempt to molest me," said he in cold, deadly tones, "I will simply put a bullet through your heads."

"You are a liar and a thief," said Jack in contemptuous tones, "and I am going to teach you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry."

"If you monkey with me," replied Crosby threateningly, "I'll let daylight through you, and don't you forget it!"

Jack stepped over to a switchboard on the wall, and turned a lever.

It threw a heavy current of electricity from one of the dynamos into the wet metal plate upon which the man was standing.

When the current struck the man he gave a wild yell, dropped his pistol, and sprang in the air, feeling as if millions of needles were flying through him.

"Murder!" he roared, as he landed and got a second shock. "I'm getting killed! Oh! Help! Help! Help!"

"Why don't you murder us?" asked Jack, as he watched the man's antics.

"Turn it off! Ouch! I'm full of red-hot pins!" yelled the unhappy rascal, as he waved his arms and kept dancing up and down.

Tim and Fritz were convulsed with laughter.

"Gief it to him harder!" roared the Dutchman delightedly.

"Keep him jumpin', Jack!" added Tim. "Don't let up, lad!"

The young inventor was keenly watching his victim.

The pain and mental torture Crosby underwent made the sweat pour out of his body, as his muscles kept knitting and relaxing.

"Mercy! Mercy!" he screamed. "I'm a dead man! Cut it out, will you?"

"Will you keep away from here in the future?" demanded Jack.

"Yes, yes! I swear it! You are killing me! Have pity!"

Jack cut out the current. The man had been punished enough.

Instantly the villain's misery came to an end, and he leaped from the metal plate. Pointing at the open door, Jack exclaimed:

"Now get out of here!"

The unfortunate wretch sped away, and in a moment more was gone.

"We'll never be troubled by him again," laughed the young inventor.

"Dit he injured de Shooting Star?" asked Fritz, pointing at the machine.

"We had better examine her and find out."

This plan was followed, and they boarded the contrivance.

The airship was a peculiar-looking object.

It was raised by means of an enormous cylinder of aluminum, in which a powerful gas was generated by the chemical decomposition of metals combined with sulphuric acid.

By means of Jack's secret process ten gallons of the acid and two hundred pounds of the metal, in the form of small cylinders, would make enough gas to carry the machine around the world twice.

At the end of the gas cylinder was an enormous air-propeller, another one being attached to the car frame, and both were operated by electricity within the wicker work car attached to the horizontal frame.

In addition to the two driving-screws, there were two helices placed on and under the sternmost end of the gas cylinder which worked from the same battery.

The revolutions of these screws depressed and elevated the stern, giving the bow an upward or downward tendency to raise or lower the machine.

A huge triangular rudder was fixed in a lateral position, midway between the cylinder and the car frame, to steer to the right or left.

Within the car, at the bow, stood a steering-wheel and an electrical switchboard, by means of which the entire mechanism was controlled by one man.

Upon the wall hung various instruments necessary for cruising in the air, and beneath the flooring a battery of five hundred tiny cells was stored.

These cells were so small, light and powerful that they equaled the combined energy of ten thousand ordinary cells of

one hundred hours duration and had an electro-motive force of ten volts each.

In other words, the battery had an energy of 100,000 volts, and would work at that force for about four days without replenishing.

To recharge them it was only necessary to place in each jar a chemical capsule an inch long, to which but eight ounces of water were added.

There was enough reserve force in the battery to work a powerful searchlight perched on the forward frame, the incandescent lamps in the car, and the electrical stove on which the food was cooked.

Hammocks, cooking utensils, some furniture, a water cask, ropes, and numerous useful articles were neatly stored in the car.

In a word, the Shooting Star was then in complete order for four men to make a protracted journey in her.

They had only to provision her, fill the water cask, generate gas in the mighty cylinder, and charge the powerful batteries, to make a start.

Jack and his two friends quickly finished their inspection of the machine, and found that the intruder had done no harm to her.

They then passed into Jack's mansion and retired.

During the next few days they got the machine in readiness for the long trip they intended to take, and carefully mapped out their course.

As the newspapers had gained tidings of the intended journey, and published glowing accounts of the wonderful machine, people from all over the country prepared to witness the ascension.

On the first day of June, Mr. Morgan and Ralph Crosby and all the members of the Geographical Society arrived in Wrightstown and inspected the machine.

Crosby was not recognized without his false beard, and he wore a fine traveling costume.

They were wonder struck when they saw what a perfect piece of mechanism the Shooting Star was, but with his usual crustiness Morgan growled:

"I don't believe the machine will work. There never yet was a balloon which was dirigible in a gale of wind."

"How about the one operated by Santos-Dumont in France?" asked one of the gentlemen, who was most enthusiastic over Jack's invention.

"That's a fair-weather machine," replied Morgan. "He can't work it when the wind blows stronger than a zephyr."

Crosby was introduced to Jack, Tim and Fritz, but none of them recognized the intruder they captured in the shop.

Then the dispute about the Shooting Star was resumed.

"Well," said Jack, who was quietly listening to all their talk, "I have the most perfect control of this airship in the strongest kind of wind. I can steer in any direction, rise as high as I like, or skim close to the ground. Wind and weather have little or no effect upon it."

"That remains to be seen," said Morgan. "Crosby is an old aeronaut, and has made many balloon ascensions. For that reason, he is not timid about venturing up in this machine, if, indeed, it will rise at all."

"You will see," curtly answered Jack.

"Is everything in readiness?"

"Yes. She is well provisioned. The cylinder is filled with gas, and the electric batteries are charged. We have only to wait for the time to start."

The portable roof of the shop had been taken off, and ropes held the machine down until the hour of midnight arrived.

Thousands of people filled the streets and fields in the village, and a full moon swung like an electric light in the cloudless sky.

Precisely at midnight Jack and his crew entered the car, Crosby following.

Workmen released the Shooting Star, and the huge machine rose majestically in the air above the village.

Jack stood at the wheel, and Tim, Fritz and Crosby waved their hats from the door to the cheering multitude below.

Up, up they rose in the silent sky, until an elevation of one thousand yards was attained, whereupon Jack pulled one of the levers.

A current of electricity flashed into the motor controlling the stern helix, which began to spin, holding the Shooting Star at her present altitude.

"We are off!" exclaimed Jack.

He pulled over another switch, and with a fluttering whirr the big screws at the stern whirled and the machine glided ahead toward the ocean.

Jack grasped the wheel and steered her with wonderful skill.

A queer look flashed over Crosby's face when he saw the great speed and precision at which they were traveling.

"She works successfully," he muttered. "Morgan will lose that \$50,000 if I don't stop her. This machine must never be allowed to complete that trip on time."

CHAPTER III.

PLUNGED IN THE OCEAN!

"What speed is she making, Mr. Wright?" asked Crosby, as he passed

through the car and joined Jack at the wheel.

The young inventor glanced at one of the indicators, and replied:

"She is in a strata of air blowing from southwest to northeast, and it is adding ten miles an hour to our speed. She is now making exactly ninety miles an hour."

"By Jove, that is surprising, for we scarcely seem to be moving."

"That's because we've left Wrightstown astern, and have a monotonous stretch of ocean beneath which shows no marks to be passed."

Crosby glanced back, and saw the twinkling lights in the village fast receding from view astern on the coast.

He then glanced at Fritz, who was carefully examining the electric batteries, while Tim was busy studying a big chart at the table.

"Have you got on the full speed of the driving screws?" demanded the rascal.

"No, indeed! I'm only using one-half of the batteries to economize power."

"Then you could make one hundred and eighty miles per hour if you connected up your full complement of batteries?"

"Exactly so. Now you understand why I'm so sure of making this trip in twenty days."

A gloomy look crossed Crosby's face.

He reflected a few moments, and finally said in sinister tones:

"You must not be too sure of winning your wager. Many accidents can happen within the next twenty days to retard your progress."

"Very true," assented Jack, giving him a peculiar look; "but it is to be hoped that none of the accidents you mention will arise from any design on the part of any of my crew."

Crosby felt the keen thrust, and gave a slight start.

He scowled at Jack, his face reddened, and he asked sourly:

"Do you imagine we would do anything to interfere with you?"

"The only person in this world who would derive any benefit from the failure of this trip would be your employer. I never accuse people of foul practices, though, until I know they are guilty."

"He suspects me," thought the man in some alarm. "I must be very careful of how I act. It won't do to let him catch me defeating him."

Just then Fritz joined them, and said to Jack:

"All der pateries vos coupled in series, und section No. 1 vos working."

"What number of revolutions are the driving wheels making?"

"Fifteen hundred a minute," answered the Dutchman, looking at the gauge.

"Are all the bearings well lubricated? I hear a rasping sound astern."

"De nud on de end of der frame shaft vos a leedle too light."

"You take the wheel, and I'll go out and loosen it, Mr. Crosby," said Jack, and he opened a switch, cutting the power out of the lower screw.

Leaving the management of the Shooting Star to his enemy, Jack got a wrench from the tool-box, passed out of the stern door, and went out on the frame.

He had to cling to the topmost bar and walk on the narrow flange of one of the lower ones in order to reach the end of the frame.

It was a dangerous footing, and to glance down into the awful gulf yawning beneath would have made an ordinary person's brain giddy.

Along he crept, and by the time he reached the screw it had stopped revolving, and he was enabled to reach out between the blades in order to reach the binding nut on the end of the shaft.

Jack lay at full length on the lower bar, and held himself in position by winding one of his legs around it.

Reaching over with the wrench, he gave the nut a turn to loosen it.

This had scarcely been done, when there suddenly came the flash of a blue electric spark at the joint, and the screw started to revolve.

Had the boy remained there an instant longer he would have been knocked from his perilous perch and sent headlong down to the sea.

But the moment he saw that warning spark he recoiled, just in time to prevent a blade of the wheel from giving him a blow on the neck that might have cut his head off.

In another instant the wheel was spinning around furiously.

"Good heavens!" gasped the boy. "Crosby has turned the current on. I wonder if he did that on purpose to injure me?"

Just then the wheel suddenly stopped again, and he heard Tim roar angrily:

"Yer fool, yer've turned ther wrong switch ter increase ther speed o' ther other wheel. It will be queer if yer haven't killed Jack."

"Pardon me. I thought you said this switch," replied Crosby blandly.

"Never mind 'bout goin' faster. Leave that switchboard alone!"

Jack crept back to the car.

"You nearly killed me," said he to Crosby, "and you knew that switch controlled the screw I was adjusting, for you saw me turn it back to stop the wheel. What did you move it for?"

"It was a stupid blunder on my part," said the man humbly, "and I hope you were not injured by it, Mr. Wright."

Jack's suspicions of him were increased. He took the wheel, and said:

"You'd better turn in. It's getting late, and I've fixed the screw. Fritz, you can retire, too, so there will be two on watch all the time."

"Yah!" said the Dutchman, and a few minutes later both he and Crosby were in their hammocks, and fell asleep.

Jack told Tim what happened, and the old sailor growled:

"I dunno if that lubber is desperate enough ter kill a mad fer ther sake o' savin' his Captain's miserable \$50,000, but I'm blamed if it don't look like it, my lad. He'll bear watchin', he will."

The night passed away, and before daylight the machine ran into a mass of clouds which enveloped them like a fog-bank.

There was a register on the wall, and Jack glanced at it and said:

"In six hours we have covered 350 miles—that's about 91 1-2 miles an hour. If we keep on at that rate we'll win easily."

Fritz and Crosby were called, and the former took the wheel while Jack and Tim, tired out, turned in.

Crosby spent most of his time studying the mechanism in order to get familiar with it, and the monkey and parrot eyed him with an inquiring look, wondering what he was doing.

The man was particularly attentive to the gas generator, and he thought:

"It wouldn't be a bad plan to use up as many of the generating cylinders as possible. If they were all gone before we get very far it would cripple Wright, and make him abandon the trip. There's a safety valve in the balloon. When it gets too full of gas the valve opens and lets some gas out. I think I can bring this trip to a sudden finish."

Indeed, with this subtle plan, and never anticipating the awful result which was to follow, he thrust a number of the cylinders into the generator, and turned on the jet of sulphuric acid for a few moments.

A huge volume of gas began to pour up through a duct into the metal balloon, and Crosby glided over to Fritz, whose back had been turned toward him all the while.

"I see you've lowered her nearer the ocean," said the rascal.

"Yah!" replied Fritz. "Ve vhas oud of dem clouds now und can seen petter down here. Dis vos tree tounsa' feet up. She wants to rise all de dime."

"Anyway, we can see the ocean."

"Too dot binocular, und see vot dot ting vos floatin' down dere."

He pointed at a black speck tossing on the sea, and Crosby picked up a powerful spyglass and leveled it at the object.

At the same moment Fritz turned the searchlight upon it, and switching an electrical current into it, he sent a shaft of 75,000 candle power gleaming down upon the dark object.

"It's the wreck of a ship," said Crosby, after a few moments.

These words had scarcely left his lips, when without the slightest warning there sounded a terrific explosion overhead.

The balloon had burst!

It was owing to the fact that the safety valve got out of order and did not work.

As the newly generated gas kept expanding in the balloon one of the sections was forced to give way, as the valve did not open.

Fritz and Crosby were hurled to the floor.

The airship gave a sickening plunge, and almost capsize as the gas went pouring out of a gaping fissure in the side.

Down she plunged toward the sea the next moment with a speed that almost took away their breath.

Rudely awakened by the appalling shock, Jack and Tim tumbled out of their hammocks and glanced around.

"What's the matter?" shouted the young inventor.

"Der palloon was busted!" groaned Fritz, scrambling to his feet.

"Good heavens!" gasped Crosby in horror. "We are doomed!"

Tim was glaring up at the big cylinder with his solitary eye, and observed that after the first mad plunge the Shooting Star was settling down slower toward the sea, for some gas still sustained it.

"Ther balloon is actin' like a parachute!" he yelled. "It's perwentin' us from fallin' like a stone! Ther gas is escapin' slow."

"That don't decrease the danger to come," said Jack bitterly, "for this machine is bound to sink in the water after we reach it."

A feeling of blank dismay took possession of them, and they clung to the up-rights and waited with painful suspense for the contrivance to strike the ocean.

Down, down they plunged, every one firmly convinced that their lives were soon to be given up in the sea, for they had nothing aboard to sustain them.

Their suspense was soon ended.

The machine struck the water at a slant. A violent splash followed, and as the brine dashed over them, Jack shouted desperately:

"Try to save yourselves!"

CHAPTER IV.

REPAIRING THE AIRSHIP.

Every one aboard of the Shooting Star was prepared for the shock when the flying machine struck the water.

Tim and Fritz had seized Whiskers and Bismarck, and Jack and Ralph Crosby leaped for one of the doors.

In order to avoid drowning like rats in a trap, the aeronauts all endeavored to get outside the car before it sunk.

Fortunately, they succeeded in this design.

The balloon had fallen with the burst section uppermost, and the enormous hollow cylinder of aluminum floated like a cork, although the car section sunk beneath the waves a minute after alighting.

All four travelers were left swimming on the surface, and as they recovered from the first shock of their immersion, Jack cried:

"The cylinder floats. Try to get upon it."

Neither the parrot nor monkey hampered their owners very much, as they clung to the heads of Tim and Fritz, and thus remained above water.

It was an easy matter for them to reach the balloon, and as the sharp bow and stern were submerged, they pulled themselves aboard.

"Safe, so far," muttered Jack.

"Wot in thunder busted ther balloon?" Tim panted.

"The safety valve must have got out of order," answered Crosby, "and the expanding gas evidently did the rest."

"See dere!" cried Fritz, pointing at the wreck of a dismantled ship floating near by, which he and Crosby had discerned from the sky just before the explosion. "Can't we get aboard ohf dot?"

"If we could fasten the flying machine to that wreck," said Jack, "I might be able to repair the damage and send her up again before she sinks entirely. We will perish here without food and water. See if we can get a hawser from the machine to the ship."

Crosby was thinking of the mischief he had done.

"If Wright succeeds in raising this car," he cogitated, "he will find the cylinders I stuffed into the generator, and my trick will be exposed. Hadn't I better contrive a way to prevent him from carrying out his purpose? But if I do that we may all perish on the wreck. No; I'll let matters take their course. If a long delay occurs it may baffle his purpose to encircle the globe on time, anyway. Should he find the cylinders in the generator, I have only to deny all knowledge of them, and they won't be able to swear I did it."

Jack was measuring the distance with his gaze to the wreck.

"She's about fifty yards away," he muttered.

"Aye, aye!" said Tim. "An' whar are we ter git a hawser, my hearty?"

"In the car of the balloon there's a coil of thin, strong cable."

"Dot vos fifteen foots under vater," remarked Fritz.

"I'm going to reach it," said Jack, after a moment's reflection.

"No, no! Belay thar. Yer'll drown yerself," cried Tim.

"But we'll perish if we remain here," said the young inventor.

And off came his hat, coat and shoes.

He slid down into the water, and found one of the powerful steel wires which held the car to the big gas cylinders.

Instead of diving, as they expected, he took a deep breath, and clinging to the guy wire, he pulled himself rapidly under water hand under hand, and disappeared from view.

He seemed to be gone an age, but the time really was only two minutes.

Every one had the gravest fears for his safety, when suddenly the water parted, and he reappeared and clung to the end of the balloon.

"Fritz! Help me!" he cried, after panting hard for breath.

"Himmel! I tink yer was det," gasped the Dutchman.

"I've got the line."

"Gee whiz!" cried Tim, with a grin.

"That's lucky."

They pulled him up on the cylinder.

As his body came out of the water, they observed that he was clinging to the coil of cable.

"How under ther sun did yer git it?" demanded Tim, in amazement.

"I drew myself down to the car by the cable, and as I knew where this coil of line hung I had no trouble to get it. The only difficulty I had was to hold my breath so long. It seemed as if I would burst a blood vessel before I reached the top again."

"An' now as yer have it, wot's ter be did?"

"Fasten one end to this balloon, and carry the other end to the wreck. By pulling on the line we can soon bring them together."

Tim nodded, and secured an end to a ring bolt.

By this time Jack recovered his breath and strength, and fastening the other end of the line around his waist he leaped overboard and struck out for the drifting wreck.

Although the line was thin, it weighted him heavily, and he was glad when he finally reached the bow of the ship.

The boy seized the martingale, climbed up on the broken bowsprit, and passing over to the deck, he examined the wreck.

She was evidently a schooner-rigged craft, for the stumps of two masts projected from the deck, her bulk was sunk past the water line, and the hatches and deck houses were washed away.

"The derelict of a storm, abandoned by the crew, and nearly full of water," commented the young inventor.

He secured an end of the line to the stump of the main mast, and going to the broken bulwark on the port side he shouted:

"Hey, Fritz and Crosby, come over here!"

The two he called swam to the wreck and boarded her, and Tim remained on the floating balloon.

"Seize the rope and heave away!" ordered Jack.

When this was done they dragged the balloon over to the hull of the schooner, and fastened it there.

They then prepared to raise the car. Jack dove down with the rope and fastened it to the metal frame.

Then, by dint of much pulling and hauling they drew it to the surface.

When this was done, the young inventor was enabled to get aboard the car and secure some necessary tools and a sheet of aluminum.

He then climbed over on the big cylinder and examined the torn sheet of metal.

It was one of the forward sections on the port side, and had been blown in a ragged mass clear of the rivets in the two seams.

Jack cut out the injured strip of metal, cut off the rivet heads, and having knocked out the old rivets, he bored some holes at the top and bottom.

He then cut a strip of aluminum to fit over the aperture, drilled it, put in new rivets, and sealed up the edges with gas-tight cement.

The cylinder was then made as good as new.

The boy next examined the safety valve, and finding it had become jammed, he repaired it, and said to the Dutchman:

"She's all right now. Being water tight, she can't sink."

"How yer vill make some new gas mit der palloon?"

"Simply by charging the generator with new cylinders and sulphuric acid. We can walk around in the car now, as it's drawn above water. Come and help me, Fritz, and we'll soon have her in the air again."

They went in to the generator and opened the metal door.

Then they saw the cylinders Crosby had put in, which were not yet consumed.

A startled cry burst from Jack's lips as he pointed excitedly at them.

"See there! Treachery! It's no wonder the balloon burst!" he cried.

"Who done dot?" the Dutchman demanded in bewildered tones.

"Didn't you?"

"Nein."

"Neither did Tim or I before we retired."

"Den id must haf been dot Crosby."

The person alluded to was listening and watching them, expecting his perfidy was upon the eve of exposure.

Assuming an air of insured innocence, he cried:

"I didn't do anything of the kind, Mr. Wright. I'm not crazy."

"Only a lunatic would be foolish enough to run the risk of perishing with us in a fall from the sky, by bursting the balloon," answered Jack suspiciously. "A man ignorant of the enormous volume of gas these cylinders generate might do it. And a reckless fellow might attempt to wreck the machine if he were paid enough to try to defeat the finish of this trip on time. I can see no other way that this occurred."

"You are casting reflections on my honesty," said Crosby in injured tones.

"No, indeed!" replied Jack quickly. "You need not feel the least bit sensitive if you had nothing to do with the matter."

He pulled out the wasted cylinder, put in new ones, and applied the acid.

Gas began to generate at once, and poured up into the balloon.

A gauge indicated the quantity contained in the balloon, and Jack watched it, and finally began adding more cylinders and acid.

"The water bar'l is upset," said Tim just then.

"Good gracious!" gasped Crosby. "We will die for want of water."

"Don't worry," answered Jack quietly. "I'll distill all we want from the sea water by means of steam. Light your electric stove, Fritz, and I'll set up the distilling apparatus at once."

They worked like beavers.

Two aluminum vessels and a retort were placed over the electric heater, one of the vessels was filled with brine, and when it was heated the condensation was caught and strained into the other vessel.

In this manner several hours passed by, and a quantity of fresh water was gained, and emptied into the cask.

The batteries had been spoiled, and were then recharged.

By the time this was done the balloon

was filled, and rose up of its own volition, tugging at the lines that held it down.

"All aboard, now," said Jack cheerfully.

They got aboard, and the young inventor cut the lines that held his airship to the wreck.

As soon as they were severed the Shooting Star shot up in the air, and her wheels began to revolve as if no accident had happened.

CHAPTER V.

A FIRST FIGHT.

It was broad daylight when the flying machine paused in its upward flight at an altitude of five thousand feet and darted ahead.

Crosby was peering out of a window, and now asked Jack:

"How much time did you lose on account of the accident?"

"Three hours were lost," answered the young inventor curtly; "but it was not in consequence of an accident, as you call it. We are the victims of a deliberate and malicious attempt to wreck the balloon."

"Who would be insane enough to do such a thing, Mr. Wright?"

"Tim and Fritz are too much accustomed to such dangerous trips as these are to attempt any foolhardy experiments. You are the only one left. It therefore must have been you who put those gas cylinders and sulphuric acid in the generator."

"Haven't I denied it?"

"Yes; but I don't believe you, sir."

Crosby scowled angrily, and turned away. He knew he was going to be accused of this deed, and yet it was not policy for him to quarrel with Jack about it.

Restraining his temper as best he could, he growled sarcastically:

"I suppose I'm a liar, then?"

"My dear fellow, I am too polite to call you by that name."

"Why should I imperil my own life?"

"That's the mystery. I know very well you are anxious to put all sorts of obstacles in my way to hinder our journey, so I'll lose my bet; but it won't be well for you if I gain proof of the fact that you are playing any treacherous tricks on me."

Crosby bridled up at this, and asked impudently:

"What would you do?"

"I'd thrash you within an inch of your life," replied Jack as he pulled a lever to increase the speed of the driving screws, "and then I'd set you aground at the first opportunity, and finish the trip without you."

"You ain't man enough to thrash me," said Crosby, losing his temper.

"Ain't I?" asked the young inventor, with a quiet smile. "Say, Fritz, just take hold of this wheel a few moments, will you?"

He was going to fix one of the indicators. But Crosby imagined that he intended to fight him.

Thinking a crisis was at hand, and anxious to get in the first blow, Crosby dealt Jack an unexpected punch in the face that knocked the boy back against the wall.

Fritz seized the steering wheel, as the airship began to swing around, and Tim took a chew of tobacco and limped about.

Jack was more surprised than hurt by Crosby's blow.

He quickly recovered his wits, and as the man came at him again he parried a second swing, and stepped in the center of the car.

In a moment more he attacked the man. Crosby was a much bigger man than Jack, but the boy had muscles of steel, and was backed by a scientific knowledge of boxing.

As the villain struck out at him Jack warded off the blow and sent in a hot right swing that landed square on Crosby's eye. The man gave a grunt, as his head was jolted back, and he nearly fell to the floor; but he quickly recovered himself.

Rushing at Jack with his face convulsed with rage, he shouted:

"I'll kill you for that!"

"Humbug!" said the boy contemptuously.

And out shot his left fist, and it landed on Crosby's nose.

Blood was drawn, and the villain's rage was increased.

He began to rave and swear, and rushing at Jack again like a mad bull, he aimed a terrific punch at the boy's face.

Had it landed Jack would have gone down.

But the boy nimbly leaped back out of reach, and when the force of the blow was spent he dashed in and gave it to his enemy right and left.

A furious onslaught ensued, during which Crosby was knocked all around the car.

After several vain attempts to strike Jack, he found the task impossible, and then contented himself trying to defend himself.

Even this failed, and when he found he was receiving an unmerciful beating, he dropped on his knees, and yelled:

"I'll give in! I'll give in!"

"Do you intend to behave yourself now?" demanded Jack threateningly.

"Yes, yes. Don't hit me any more."

"Get up now, and act like a gentleman or you'll catch it again."

Crosby arose and rubbed his bruised face.

"You've hit me pretty hard," he exclaimed.

"I meant to do so," replied Jack. "I was teaching you a lesson."

"Wright," said the man bitterly, "you've aroused my enmity."

"You are foolish to feel that way."

"No, I ain't, Wright. I am going to avenge those blows. I'm a vengeful man. I allow no one to hurt me unless I get even."

"Start right in and take your revenge," said Jack carelessly.

"That isn't my way. I'll bide my time, and strike when I get the chance to do so without being injured in return."

"You are a dirty coward," contemptuously said the boy.

Crosby shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"I don't care about your opinion of me," said he. "If you land me, you'll forfeit your bet with Mr. Morgan. I am his agent on this airship. If I don't go along with you he will claim your money. The contract calls for you to carry me with you."

"If I were sure that you are crooked, as I suspect," said Jack, shaking his finger at the man, "I would gladly forfeit the money I put up just to get rid of you!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Crosby. "You'd injure yourself."

The young inventor gave him a withering look and walked away.

Tim was grinning at Crosby in an aggravating manner, and the villain glared at him, wiped his bleeding nose, and roared sourly:

"What are you grinning at, you old gorilla?"

"I wuz jest a-thinkin'," chuckled the old sailor.

"Thinkin' what?"

"Thinkin' wot would happen to yer if yer wuz in ther navy, an' tried ter hit yer superior officer as yer struck Jack Wright."

"But I ain't in the navy."

"No; but I wuz. An' I once got mad at my commander. D'yer know wot happened when I punched him in ther nose?"

"I don't."

"Well, I'll tell yer. It wuz ag'in ther rules ter handle dynamite cartridges; but fer a joke I wanted ter explode one in ther fo'castle ter scare my messmates. So I hooked one, but ther commander ketcht me. Ter hide ther cartridge I stuck it in my mouth. Gimme that, ses ther captain. I ain't got it, ses I. An' I swallered it. He grabs me by the neck. I gives him a punch so's ter git away. Pickin' up a hammer, he hit me in ther stomach. Ther wuz an explosion. It wuz awful."

"Go on," said Crosby. "Did the cartridge burst inside of you?"

"Aye, aye!"

"And you are alive yet?"

"I guess so."

"And uninjured?"

Tim stuck out his wooden leg, and pointed at it.

"See that?" he asked.

"Yes. What about it?"

"Ther cartridge blew my leg off."

"How in thunder could it?" growled Crosby.

"Struck down'ards," solemnly answered Tim. "Ther blamed thing went so quick it didn't even injure my stomach."

An expression of disgust flitted over Crosby's face, and he exclaimed:

"I'm a fool. At first I was inclined to believe you; but you certainly are the champion liar of the world."

Tim affected a look of injured dignity, and with a reproachful glance in his solitary eye, he remarked:

"Waal, you're no gentleman fer doubtin' me."

The airship had been traveling in a gale of wind, and Jack put on the full strength of the batteries to make up lost time.

"She's going at the rate of 125 miles an hour," said the young inventor to the old sailor, "and before the fall of night I expect to gain the three hundred miles we lost by that delay."

Tim grinned and nodded, and Crosby scowled and gritted his teeth.

The day passed by uneventfully, several trans-Atlantic steamers and sailing vessels were distanced, and Fritz served them their meals, for the canned goods had not been injured by the airship's immersion.

Over fifteen hundred more miles were added to the score when the sun went down, and the full moon and twinkling stars arose.

As the upper strata of air had become uncomfortably cold, canvas curtains were unrolled, enclosing the interior of the wicker-work car.

Jack held the wheel when his companions turned in, and he lowered the Shooting Star to within a thousand feet of the sea.

At about midnight heavy clouds obscured the moon, and Jack was about to call Tim, when he fancied he heard a faint, distant cry:

"Help! Help!"

He gazed down at the ocean, but saw no boat or ship.

Very much puzzled over the mysterious voice, he was beginning to think his imagination deceived him, when again the faint voice rang out, seemingly nearer this time.

"Save me! Save me!" was the frantic supplication.

"By Jove, it's a woman in distress," muttered Jack, as he stopped the propellers.

"But whereabouts is she?"

Just then he caught view of a small object floating in the water, and leveled the searchlight upon it.

CHAPTER VI.

CHASED BY A CYCLONE.

Picking up a powerful field glass, Jack directed it upon the tiny object which caught his view, and saw that it was the head and shoulders of a woman, who was clinging to a floating plank.

Astonished to see this lonely castaway, the boy instantly caused the airship to settle down to within fifty feet of the sea. Then he dropped the end of a rope ladder.

"Ahoy, there!" he shouted.

"For mercy's sake, aid me!" came the wild appeal.

"Have courage, and we'll soon reach you," replied the boy.

The others were aroused by these cries, and quickly joined him.

When they saw what was transpiring, Jack said to Tim:

"It's a young girl. I'm going down the ladder to pick her up. You work the machine so as to carry the ladder over the spot where she floats."

"Aye, aye!" replied the old sailor, nodding.

Jack thereupon went outside, and descended the ladder until he was suspended close to the water, and Tim steered the airship with consummate skill until it swept over the girl.

At the right moment the boy suddenly reached down, and caught hold of the girl's upraised arm.

Exerting all his strength, he pulled her upon the ladder.

Most of her strength was gone, and she was panting for breath, but she managed to cling to the ropes until he got a good hold of her.

She was a handsomely dressed girl of twenty, with a fine, graceful figure, a handsome face, and large, dark eyes.

"Can you hold on to me?" asked the boy.

"I am almost exhausted," she replied feebly, "but I'll try."

Seeing his companions peering down at them, the boy shouted:

"Can you haul up the ladder?"

"Aye, aye!" answered Tim. "Get hold, boys."

And they hauled away, and gradually drew the ladder up.

In a short time Jack and his charge reached the car.

The young inventor gave the girl a glass of liquor to stimulate her, and when she had revived, and Tim was guiding the machine on its way again, the boy asked the castaway:

"May I ask your name, Miss?"

"I am Sarah Burt, of London," she replied.

"How came you to be floating in the ocean?"

"I was hurled overboard from the steamship St. Paul on her way from New York to Liverpool, about two hours ago. By good luck I could swim a little, and found the plank to which I was clinging."

"Who was guilty of that foul crime?"

"My second cousin, Harvey Darrell."

"And why did he try to murder you?"

"To gain a fortune left by a rich uncle, who recently died in England. Darrell and I lived in America. An English notary wrote me to come to London and claim my inheritance. I was the heir. The only other relative was Darrell. If I were dead, Darrell would get the money. He sailed in the same ship I was on, and, as I said, tried to murder me so he would get the fortune I expected."

"And no one saw him commit his villainy?"

"Not a soul. I was alone on the upper deck, astern. He crept up behind me and hurled me into the water. No one heard my cries for aid, and the ship went on without me."

"Poor girl. We will overtake that ship, return you aboard of her, and you can have the captain arrest your enemy."

"Oh! Can you—will you do that, sir?"

"We can and will, Miss Burt."

"I scarcely know how to thank you. I can tell you I was amazed to see this curious flying machine. But it gave me hope, and thank heaven my cries for aid were heard."

There was a section of the car curtained off, and Jack told her to occupy it and wring the water from her clothes.

She gladly availed herself of this plan, and Fritz dried her clothing at the electric stove, and loaned her a comb and brush to arrange her hair.

Within an hour the girl presented a far different appearance, and having become acquainted with all hands, she chatted pleasantly with the young inventor about his wonderful airship.

Being acquainted with the course usually followed by ocean liners, the young inventor steered the Shooting Star in pursuit of the St. Paul, and rapidly began to overtake her when she was sighted.

Half an hour later they reached the big ship.

Long before that the lookout had seen the flying machine, and his shouts had brought all the passengers and crew on deck.

Every one was watching the big sky cruiser, and when she was hovering over the St. Paul, Jack shouted down:

"Ahoj there!"

"Hello!" replied the captain. "What craft is that?"

"The Shooting Star, of Wrightstown."

"Where are you bound?"

"Around the world; but I've got business with you."

"Yes, Harvey Darrell, one of your passengers, hurled Sarah Burt overboard in an effort to murder her."

"Good gracious!"

"We picked up Miss Burt from the sea, and have her aboard. We wish to return her to your ship. You must put Darrell in irons so he can't do her any more harm."

The captain turned to several of his men and spoke to them.

They at once attacked Darrell, who stood horror-stricken among the first cabin passengers, and made a prisoner of him.

As the airship was close to the steamer's deck, Jack asked the girl:

"Have you the courage to descend the rope ladder?"

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"I'll go down ahead, to guard against your falling."

"That will give me more courage, Mr. Wright."

Jack now shouted down to the crew of the steamer:

"Hold that ladder taut!"

Several of the sailors obeyed this order, and the young inventor went down with the girl, and got her safely on the deck.

Bidding her a hasty farewell, the youth ascended the ladder, and as Fritz generated more gas the balloon glided up in the air.

Cheer after cheer swelled up from the passengers and crew, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved to Jack's party in recognition of their gallant rescue of the unfortunate girl.

Up, up, up went the flying machine, until at last it plunged into a bank of clouds and disappeared from view.

Jack then steered her back to the course she had been following, and sent her away to the eastward swiftly.

Glancing at his watch, he smiled, and remarked:

"Another slight delay, but I don't regret it."

"How much dime yer vas lost?" asked Fritz.

"Altogether just one hour, and that means over fifty miles to be gained; but we can afford that."

They had some further conversation, and Jack and Tim turned in, leaving Fritz and Crosby on duty.

The Dutchman did not like his companion, and scarcely spoke to him, and Crosby took a book and began to read.

An indicator showed Fritz that the machine was then at an elevation of six thousand feet, and a mass of clouds were drifting far below her.

Above, the dark blue dome of heaven was studded with stars, and the silvery moon was in the zenith.

It was so cold that Fritz lowered the machine until it was far beneath the cloud-banks.

A low, curious humming noise reached his ears.

It had begun in a faint whisper, but was growing in volume every moment until it gradually swelled into a shriek.

"Der vind is risin'," the Dutchman muttered.

He was puzzled, too, for they were traveling with the wind, and were going along at the rate of a mile a minute, and should therefore have heard nothing of it shrieking through the rigging.

Moreover, a dull, roaring sound now began to swell above the shrieking of the wind, and increased Fritz's uneasiness.

Ahead, and to the right and left, all was clear.

But when he glanced back and saw what a mass of angry looking black clouds, with lightning darting out of them, spread over a broad area of the sea, he roared:

"A cyclone is after us!"

It was rushing onward in pursuit of the flying machine with irresistible fury and amazing velocity.

A wall of sea water was hurled up before its mad rush, and the terrible column extended from the lashing waves to fleecy clouds through which it tore.

The fierce whirling mass was close to the airship ere Fritz observed it, and his cry aroused his companions.

When Jack saw what was sweeping down upon them he rushed toward Fritz, shouting excitedly:

"Put on a full current of electricity! Go—go as fast as you can, Fritz! If that storm overtakes us it may tear the machine to pieces."

Over went the switches, and as the screws revolved at a speed that made them hum, the Shooting Star dashed ahead with the velocity of a cannon ball.

Away they fled before the cyclone, the hearts of all beating fast with suppressed anxiety.

CHAPTER VII.

OVER THE LAND AGAIN.

Despite the fearful peril the airship was in from the pursuing cyclone, Jack did not lose his courage for a moment.

He took the wheel from Fritz's hands and carefully measured with his glance the distance the storm was located from the machine.

"Fully three miles separate us yet," he commented, "and fast as we are going the cyclone is coming on faster."

"Can't yer go down?" asked Tim, in anxious tones.

"To go down or up would be fatal just now. Later we might go up."

"Why not cross its path?" suggested Fritz.

"I'll try," muttered Jack, spinning the wheel around.

Crosby had nothing to say.

He was too badly frightened to speak.

The roaring of the pursuing storm increased in volume.

Jack now began to figure upon his chances of saving the balloon from destruction in event of the storm striking the machine.

She was then traveling at an acute angle with the course of the cyclone, but it soon became evident that she could not escape.

The boy became desperate and exclaimed:

"We've got to face it and try to plunge through!"

"Then we're a goner!" gasped Tim.

"Put three cylinders into the generator—quick!"

Tim obeyed, but he cried:

"You'll bust the balloon ag'in!"

"No, I won't. If we can't get through the cyclone we must depend upon rising above it if the confounded thing don't tear the machine to pieces ere we can do so."

"It's a fearful risk, my lad."

"But it's our only chance. Stand ready, now!"

Whiskers and Bismarck were yelling with alarm as Jack sent the machine around in a vast, sweeping circle until its bow was pointed square at the on-coming storm.

As the airship and the cyclone rushed together with fearful speed, they met with a suddenness that was startling.

Straight into the storm centre shot the machine.

For an instant her crew thought they had suddenly entered the infernal regions, for they could see nothing but a black swirl, and the roar of the tempest was like thunder crashing in their ears, while vivid streaks of lightning were flashing blindingly around them.

Caught in the vortex, the airship whirled around and around, and was cracking, straining, tossing and utterly helpless.

The inmates could scarcely breathe.

With a report like a volley of gunshots the wire guys and braces snapped and the stern of the car, torn loose from the balloon, fell down.

Jack and his crew were pitched to the bottom with a crash and were cut and bruised.

The car was now merely hanging from the balloon by a few strands of wire which might give way at any moment.

With no way of guiding the machine it was tossed about at the mercy of the roaring wind and a deluge of rain poured into her.

Then she gave a sudden upward bound and kept mounting higher and higher every moment, with the speed of an express train.

Jack was alarmed, but he kept cool.

All the electric lights had gone out.

The boy climbed up to the wheel, and clinging to it with one hand he cut the current out of the propeller motors.

It stopped the dangerous whirling of the driving screws.

A few moments afterward the airship darted above the whirling column of air and water into a space of calm.

Here she paused in her ascent.

Below the bellowing storm rushed from under her, and above the peaceful stars shone, unobscured.

"Safe! safe!" shouted Jack.

His words thrilled his forlorn companions.

Fritz joined him and gasped:

"Subboose de last vires break—de car und palloon vill separate!"

"We must guard against that at once."

"How yer done dot yet?"

"I'll climb up to the balloon and haul up a double-purchase block and tackle. A hook can be fastened to a ring-bolt in the stern and the block can be hooked to the gas cylinder above. We can then haul on the rope from this car and pull the car up to its proper position. We can leave the block there until we cross the ocean. It will keep the car level; and when we reach land it will be very easy to alight and put in new guy wires."

"Yust de vay. Ve doon dot now alretty."

When the tackle was ready, Jack tied a thin line to it and fastened the end around his arm.

He then climbed up the forward cable, hand over hand, and got astride of the balloon, the stern of which was greatly elevated.

Jack was in great peril.

Below yawned a terrible abyss several thousand feet deep, and the slightest error would cause him to plunge from his perch on the rocking and swaying balloon.

He carefully climbed up the incline and finally reaching the stern of the balloon he straddled it and hauled in the line.

Up came the tackle, and when he seized the block he fastened the hook on it to a ring on the balloon.

Then he made his way back to the car.

When he joined his companions he found that they had fastened the tackle hook to the car and balloon together.

In a short time they had the car on a level keel and fastened the end of the rope so it could not slip loose.

The electric wires running from the batteries to the stern motor of the balloon were repaired and the broken rudder cable was mended.

By the time this was done all trace of the storm had vanished.

Below an easy swell on the sea was lazily rolling along, with no indication of how the storm had been agitating it.

Jack turned on the electric current.

Around spun the propellers, and as the rudder now worked properly the boy drove the airship along on her course.

Tim, Fritz and Ralph Crosby were kept busy putting the things that had been tumbled about back in their places, and when everything was in ship-shape, the watch was divided again.

During the ensuing twenty-four hours nothing unusual occurred, and they finally sighted land on the following afternoon, and Jack pointed at it and said:

"There's the coast of Portugal, between Oporto and Coimbra."

"Going to land?" queried Crosby.

"Yes. We must repair our guy lines."

"You seem sure of your location."

"So I am. I am following a course in the latitude between 40 and 42 degrees north, during the entire trip."

"Whereabouts will that bring us?"

"Over Portugal, Spain, and the Mediterranean Sea, across Italy, the Adriatic Sea, Turkey, just below Bulgaria, and over the Black Sea to the Russian Caucasian mountains. Across the Caspian Sea to Turkestan, then into the Chinese Empire, past Pekin and over Korea. Across the Japanese Sea, over Japan, near Foksan, and then straight over the Pacific Ocean to California, in the neighborhood of Eureka. In succession we will cross Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Nebraska, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York."

"You count on making a straight course all the way?"

"As nearly as possible," assented Jack.

"Depending upon your compass entirely?"

"Whoever holds the wheel must be guided by it in the course I lay out, the same as if you were on a steamship. But I take my bearings with quadrant and sextant like a sea captain."

"I see," said Crosby, nodding; and as he turned away there was a covert smile on his face as he thought:

"If I put a magnet in the binnacle under the compass card I can easily deflect the needle so they'll steer a false course, without knowing it. I may thus turn the machine hundreds of miles out of the way and they will lose valuable time when they discover their location and try to get back to latitude 41 degrees north again."

The airship swept over the land and was lowered in a great field several miles inland from the coast.

A crowd of Portuguese peasants rushed to the spot from an adjacent vineyard and surrounding the machine they began to talk in their native tongue, not a single word of which Jack's party understood.

The aeronauts set about to repair the Shooting Star.

It required several hours to replace the broken wires, but when they finished their task she was made as good as she was before the cyclone damaged her.

The machine was then charged with gas, and Jack and his friends were about to embark, when a startling event occurred.

A detachment of Portuguese soldiers came dashing toward them on horseback, and the captain yelled in broken English:

"Halt, there! I arrest you in the name of the law!"

Jack glanced at him in amazement and demanded:

"Why, what have we done to deserve arrest, sir?"

CHAPTER VIII.

BETRAYED BY THE MONKEY.

The captain eyed Jack suspiciously a moment, and then answered:

"Considering that you have a war balloon it is to be inferred that you belong to either the French or German army balloon corps. The landing of such airships on Portuguese territory is against your treaty rights, and is therefore not only illegal, but a breach of international law."

"But we are Americans," said Jack; "we have just arrived here from the United States and are going right away again."

"Nonsense! You can't expect me to believe that you have crossed the Atlantic Ocean in that flying machine."

"Such is the fact, however."

"Have you a passport?"

"No; we require none, traveling in the sky."

"Then you will have to submit to arrest."

"And suffer a long delay? Never!"

"To resist will be sheer folly."

"Just wait a moment, then," said Jack.

He saw that all his friends were aboard the car, and he seized the forward frame and cut the rope that held the Shooting Star down.

"I wish you good-by!" said Jack, taking off his hat to the captain.

"Come back!" yelled the latter as the flying machine shot up in the air. "Stop it! You are under arrest—"

But a derisive laugh from Jack was all the answer he got, and in a few moments the balloon was out of speaking distance.

She gained her equilibrium at a height of eight hundred feet, and Jack made his way inside and saw Tim at the wheel.

"Hurrah fer us!" chuckled the old sailor as he glanced at the compass, sheered off a point and drove the machine against a head wind blowing at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Crosby looked very much disappointed.

He thought the expedition was going to be stopped.

"Ain't you sorry we got away?" laughed Jack, noticing his look.

"No. I didn't want to go to jail."

"Not even so Mr. Morgan could win his bet?"

"Certainly not!" replied the man, crossly.

Jack laughed and Crosby scowled and walked aft.

He had seen a small horseshoe magnet hanging on a hook, and when no one was looking at him he seized it and put it in his pocket.

When night fell they were over Spanish territory.

Jack and Tim turned in, and an hour later Fritz observed by the voltmeter that something ailed the batteries.

Wishing to examine them he said to Crosby:

"Vill yer dook der wheel just a leedle?"

"Certainly," assented the villain.

He was anxiously wishing for just this chance.

"Keep her straight by der course we vas followin' now."

"All right," replied Crosby, with a nod.

He seized the wheel and Fritz went aft to examine the batteries.

Whiskers, the monkey, was perched on the back of a chair, blinking at Crosby with glittering eyes.

The man observed that the sailor's pet was the only one who was looking at him, and he drew the magnet from his pocket.

Opening the binnacle he dropped the magnet under the compass-card, where it remained hidden from view.

The magnet instantly affected the compass needle.

It no longer pointed to the north, but had swung off several points so that any one following it was bound to gradually steer the Shooting Star far to the north of her proper course.

Whiskers blinked wisely at Crosby, and remembered what he had seen the villain doing.

When Fritz returned he did not suspect the man's trick, and resuming control of the wheel he steered by the tampered compass.

All night long the airship kept deviating from her course.

In twelve hours she had gone 1,080 miles to the eastward, but she was four hundred miles north of her proper course.

Below them rose the Alps of Switzerland, near St. Gothard.

When Jack saw this a puzzled look crossed his face and he said:

"How strange! According to my calculations we ought to be over the island of Corsica in the Mediterranean Sea. Instead, we seem to be far inland, hovering over a range of mountains, the tops of some of which penetrate the clouds to the snow-line. Since last night only you, Tim and Fritz have handled the wheel. Are you quite sure you have steered the course I mapped out?"

"Sartin," answered the old sailor.

"Sure!" added the Dutchman.

"Well, there's something wrong with our course."

"Ay, ay! That's werry plain ter be seen."

"Py shiminetty, I don't know me vat dot vas!"

Just then Jack glanced at the compass and saw Whiskers in the act of throwing in a tooth-brush, several nails and a button.

The imitative monkey having seen Crosby put the magnet in the binnacle, thought he, too, should put in something.

"Great Scott!" gasped Jack, pointing at Tim's mischievous little pet. "See what he's doing! The articles that rascal is stuffing in the binnacle are bound to impair the usefulness of the compass, and I'll bet that's the reason you've been steering wrong."

He opened the door as Whiskers scudded away, and drew out not only the things the monkey put in, but the magnet as well.

Crosby was wild with smothered rage.

"Curse that monkey!" he hissed savagely.

"He has baffled my plan! I'd like to wring his neck!"

Jack, having cleared the binnacle, took an observation by the sun and found how far their course had deviated.

He ordered the airship driven southward, and her course was changed.

It occupied four hours to get the Shooting Star back to the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and when she came in sight of the island of Corsica her course was changed to the eastward.

Angry as Crosby was over his exposure by the monkey he felt a certain amount of satisfaction, anyway, over the loss of time he had caused by his treachery.

"Little by little," he muttered, "they will drop a few hours here and there, and before they know it the loss will amount to days in the end. I'll earn Morgan's ten thousand dollars in spite of Jack Wright!"

He was determined to win the big reward offered to him, no matter to what extremes he was obliged to go.

The shores of Italy came into view in due time and a deep red glow rose to the sky over Mount Vesuvius.

"An eruption of the volcano is going on," said Jack to Tim as they stood in the bow, peering out the windows.

"Better give it a wide berth, my lad," advised the old salt as he took a fresh chew of tobacco and fastened his good eye on the dull illumination. "Thar's gas in ther balloon, yer know, an' if it should catch afire from the volcano ther people on ther ground would reckon ther Shootin' Star wuz a meteor cuttin' through ther sky, enveloped in flames."

"I'd gladly follow your advice, Tim," answered Jack, as he tugged at the wheel, "but for the past five minutes I've noticed that the rudder has got stuck somehow and don't work. I'll have to go out and fix it. But if I can't do that in time we shall have to go pretty near that volcano, unless we land or sail over it."

"Goin' below will make us lose more time, Jack, an' we can't afford ter do that, yer know."

"Very true, Tim. To be on the safe side you'd better heave over some of the ballast bags and we will rise to a safe height above the volcano."

Tim nodded and stumped away to carry out Jack's order.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INVENTOR'S PERIL.

Within a few minutes after the ballast bags were emptied, the airship had risen to a height of seven thousand feet above the ground.

It was very cold at that altitude, and when Jack climbed up to the huge gas cylinder, and made his way over the top to the stern, his hands were numb.

He saw that the machine, blown by the wind, was shaping a course which would bring it within half a mile of the volcano's crater.

Indeed, he could already feel the suffocating heat that arose from the volcano, for as heat rapidly ascends and cold descends, the balloon had plunged into an air current that carried the heat waves that poured up.

From the mouth of the crater huge flames licked up in the air to the height of several hundred feet, half buried in great volumes of dark smoke, which bent before the wind.

"We'd be safe even if we sailed straight over the mouth of the crater," thought Jack, as he slid down on the wire cable to which the rudder was fastened, and examined the lines.

Fritz was at the sternmost door looking up at him.

"You can found der drubbles?" he asked. "I thought you were asleep," laughed Jack. "Yes, I see what it is. One of the lines got snarled and has got caught in the block. I can easily fix it. Tell Tim to slacken up on the starboard line and I'll pull it out of the sheeve."

Fritz carried out this order.

As soon as the line was free Jack, standing on the heel of the rudder, pulled the rope out and unsnarled it.

"Try it now!" he shouted.

Tim obeyed the order, for the rudder now swung to the right and left, and the old sailor shouted:

"It's all right, Jack!"

"Then I'll come down," said the boy.

He intended to slide down the rudder cable.

Before he could do so, however, there suddenly came a fearful roar from the crater of the volcano beneath.

The air fairly shook from the concussion. An appalling sea of flame burst forth, and an enormous cloud of smoke and ashes were blown 10,000 feet in the air.

Thousands of sparks glittered in the dust. Huge rivers of lava poured out of the crater and began to run down the mountain side like streams of fire.

The country was lit up with a baleful glare for leagues around, and the most deadly mephitic gases arose and expanded in the heated atmosphere.

When that awful shock came the airship was quite close to the centre of the volcanic disturbance.

Having but little stability at best, she was suddenly heaved high in the air, buried

in the cloud of black dust, and Jack was almost hurled from his perch.

The machine and its crew were buried in the hot dust, and it penetrated every nook and corner, covering everything and everybody until they looked like chimney sweeps.

The roar of the mighty explosion almost deafened them, and the flying cinders inflicted painful burns.

As the Shooting Star was hurled upward she was turned over several times and her crew was struck by the flying missiles that became dislodged all around.

Had they not seized upon various supports they might have been killed outright.

Jack's peril was the greatest.

Indeed, had he lost his wits for a moment he might have been torn from his flimsy hold upon the rudder cable and dashed to the mountain below.

But the boy did not lose his faculties just then.

Half blinded, deafened, burnt and shocked beyond measure, he instinctively tightened his grip on the cable.

That saved him from falling.

Next he began to realize what caused the catastrophe, and that gave him an idea of how to act.

The capsizing of the machine ceased, but its upward course continued for a while, and then was suddenly reversed.

"The higher we go the more the gas expands," Jack thought uneasily. "At any moment the balloon will burst for it can't stand the awful strain long."

When their upward flight ceased and the boy saw that the machine was safely holding against the expanded gas, a new danger confronted them with the descent.

"She is beyond her equilibrium and will fall now until she reaches that point where she would float naturally from the amount of gas we carry," thought Jack.

He clung to the line for his life, for great volumes of gas were rushing upward.

The balloon was dropping earthward like a stone, and the sensation was appalling, for it took their breath away.

Indeed, as accustomed as Jack and his friends were to all kinds of sensations in the air, the speed with which they now fell made them dizzy and sick at their stomachs.

But they could do nothing to prevent it. They had to passively submit to their fate, and await the end with a feeling of uncertainty that was terrible.

By the time they reached the 7,000 feet mark they were almost unconscious, and the balloon did not pause there.

She was carried down a thousand feet lower by the impulse given to her by her fall.

Then she bounded up again and one of the wires snapped.

Jack thought she might be wrecked again.

Fortunately no more of the supports gave away and the machine gently resumed her proper position in the air and sped on.

The volcano was left astern.

It was still belching out fire and smoke.

The crew in the car recovered their wits and Tim gasped:

"What's Jack?"

Fritz rushed to the stern and glanced out.

The form of the young inventor was plainly seen.

Overcome by the foul gases, he had succumbed, and his body slid, limp and inanimate, on the rudder, his back against the cable, around which one of his arms had fallen.

Nothing but this arm saved him from falling.

Fritz's hair almost stood on end when he saw the awful peril the young inventor was in.

It was evident that the slightest jar would hurl him from his precarious position straight to his doom.

"Shack! Shack!" cried the trembling Dutchman.

The boy did not answer or move.

"Mein Gott!" gasped Fritz, "he vill fall, sure!"

"Wot's ther matter?" queried Tim, in alarm.

"Don't yer mofe dot rudder or yer'll kill Shack!"

Tim fastened the wheel and stumped over to the Dutch youth.

At one glance he saw the young inventor's peril.

"We must git him down!" he exclaimed.

"Bud he vhas senseless!"

"Ay, now, I kin see that plain enough."

"How we can get at him?"

"Some one must go aloft an' drop a noosed rope over his head an' shoulders fust."

Crosby had been intently listening.

"Let me do that!" he exclaimed.

"Vot! You? Oh, no!" said Fritz, quickly.

"Why not?"

"Ditn'd yer shvear ter got refenge on Shack cause he bunched you in der snoot? Vell, mebbe yer might trop him down to der ground, yust ter get efen mit him."

"You wrong me with your unjust suspicions."

"Do I? Vell, ve von't risk id. If anybody goes up it vill be me."

An ugly look crossed Crosby's face and he turned away, muttering:

"Fool! You take me for a murderer, by heavens!"

Fritz procured a line and made a noose in the end of it, and Tim, in an agony of alarm, stood at the door watching Jack's silent figure resting midway between the balloon and the car.

"Hurry up, Fritz! hurry up, my lad!" he cried hoarsely, for every moment seemed an age to him.

Fritz quickly got ready.

He was so fat that it was very difficult for him to climb up the cable to the balloon above, but by dint of perseverance he finally accomplished it.

Poor Fritz was nervous and excited.

He expected every instant to hear Tim shout that Jack had fallen from his perch before the safety line could be fastened to his body.

Over the balloon went the Dutchman, with his noosed line, and reaching the stern he carefully dropped the end.

Just then the balloon swayed and the line missed its mark and shot down to the ground, as the Dutchman had forgotten to tie the end.

A cry of dismay escaped Fritz, and he gazed blankly at Jack's figure below, wondering what he could do next.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"The Liberty Boys of '76" has a good war story every week. Are you reading it?

[This story commenced in No. 386.]

NED NERVE, The Boy Engineer,

OR,

LOOPING THE LOOP ON THE D & R.

By R. T. EMMET.

Author of "Governor Gus," "5,000 Miles Blindfolded," "Al, the Boy Acrobat," "Down On the Old Farm," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE TRESTLE.

It happened that Bill Osborn was the stoker. Ned had offered him promotion, but he had insisted on retaining his old berth.

But he was delighted to be mate with Ned once more in spite of the fact that the young engineer was now owner of the road.

"There never was no man I ever fired with could drive a locomotive like Ned Nerve," Bill declared. "You bet he's the boss!"

"Well, Bill, old mate," cried Ned cheerily, "here we are again; and this time it looks as if we had sharp work ahead of us!"

"Well, you kin bet we're good for it!" cried the brave stoker.

"I hope so. We have a good force of brave men with us."

Ned opened the throttle wider and the locomotive responded. No such speed, however, could be maintained with safety as on the D. & R.

One reason for this was that the road-bed was new and not yet settled to its solid foundation. The train had too much spring under the rails.

But for all this, Ned's practised hand kept the locomotive up to a speed which some engineers might have deemed suicidal. It was the first time Ned had run a locomotive over his own road.

Out across the country fled the relief train.

It was fortunate that the bandits had not cut the telegraph wires. All trains beyond the big trestle were held for orders.

The fact that they had not held up a train, but had wantonly destroyed the trestle was plainly understood by Ned. The act was one of revenge.

He had no doubt that it was the work of Percival, who had hired lawless men to do the deed. Ned only hoped that the bandits would remain in the vicinity of the trestle.

On and on flashed the train. The day was breaking in the East when the train, after flying by stations and over switches, bridges and grades, suddenly made a long curve and a great column of smoke was seen ahead.

"By the Jeems rice!" exclaimed Bill, "ther hull trestle is gone, Ned!"

This was true.

As the train stopped and all leaped out, a scene of destruction was spread to their view. The noble trestle, the work of skillful engineers, was down!

It lay a smouldering heap of charred wood and bent iron in the bottom of the wild gorge.

Ned felt a thrill of keen dismay. He knew that it could be replaced, but it

would seriously interfere with traffic for many days.

Not a sign of the bandits was to be seen. The party of vigilants proceeded to search for their trail. While thus engaged a bit of paper was found pinned to a tree with a nail. The inscription upon it gave all food for reflection.

Thus it read:

"To Mr. Ned Nerve—I know that you are a man of nerve, as your name will indicate, but I am going to give it an awful twist, just the same. This is only a brief hint of what is coming. You will find that the Lake City Railroad will be the most expensive enterprise you will ever undertake. We will see that it is made very unprofitable for you. The next blow will fall nearer home. This is not a warning, but a simple fact for you to digest. Signed, NEMESIS."

Mr. May and Ned smiled, but for all that the brow of each clouded. They saw at once that the future held trouble.

The only apparent way out of the difficulty was a vigorous and destructive campaign against the bandits with whom Percival had doubtless seen fit to consort.

"Hang every durned one of 'em!" said Bill Blifflins, the town marshal. "And if we can git Percival, hang him higher than the others."

This was the popular sentiment. But there were difficulties in the way.

The trail of the bandits was very obscure. An expert Blackfoot trapper, Indian Joe, was in the party.

He followed the dim trail far into the hills, only to lose it, and finally he was forced to abandon it.

In the meanwhile construction trains had arrived. Arrangements were made for the construction of a temporary trestle.

"That will be something," said Ned. "Traffic must be resumed as soon as possible. It will take time to replace the steel work."

It was late that night before Ned and Mr. May returned to Ralston. When they reached there they were so exhausted that they were glad to go home and to bed.

The next day Ned posted notices of a big reward for the capture of Percival. Armed men went out in all directions. The whole country was in a state of great excitement.

Thus matters remained for several days. Ned was extremely busy directing the flood of affairs which had now nearly overwhelmed him.

The new trestle went rapidly ahead. Armed men were posted there to protect it and also guards were maintained at all stations and switches.

In fact, there was, to a certain extent, a small reign of terror in Ralston. People feared to risk their lives in railroad travel.

The problem before Ned now was the worst he had ever faced.

He knew that success could not be assured any of his enterprises until the self-styled Nemesis had been brought to earth. Thus matters were when Ned was surprised to receive a message from Jack Percival, who was still languishing in jail.

The young profligate was ready to make any sacrifice to gain his freedom. He was especially bitter against his father.

"The old man is the cause of my being here," he said, resentfully. "And now he has gone off and left me. He has given me a dirty turn and I am ready to turn State's evidence on him to get clear myself."

But Ned was hardly willing to accept his offer. His sense of honor rebelled.

"If you'll set me free," said young Percival, "I'll put the old man in your hands in less than two days."

"No," said Ned, decisively, "I cannot uphold you in any such treachery to your parent. Moreover, you deserve punishment just as much as he does."

This angered the young villain and he cursed and raved furiously.

"Well, you'll see," he threatened; "I'll be out of here before long, in spite of you. And when I am—then look out!"

"I tell you, Ned," said Mr. May that evening as they left the office to go home, "there may be something in that threat of young Percival. You know our prison is none too strong. A well-organized gang could break it open and release the prisoners before the town was alarmed."

"Then I think we better have additional guards," said Ned. "There is one thing about it, Ralston can never progress while law and order are so lightly held in its precincts."

Mr. May's words caused Ned a great deal of serious thought.

In fact, so strong an impression did they make that the young millionaire could not sleep.

About midnight he decided to rise and take a walk in the air. The night was intensely dark and overcast.

Ned's footsteps led him by impulse toward the jail.

Soon the sombre walls of the building were before him. A light burned faintly in the keeper's room.

In the jail were half a hundred evildoers. Desperate men who were awaiting trial for various offences.

The building was not one of great

strength. Escapes were common, and once a jail delivery had taken place.

Ned had just turned a corner in the gloom when his ear caught a peculiar sound. It was the unmistakable sibilant note of a whisper.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FINAL STROKE.

Instantly the young engineer's nerves were taut. His whole being was on the alert.

Prescience told him that something was up. He stood silent and watchful, waiting for developments.

The whisper came from a point some yards distant, where there was a hedge. The darkness was so intense that Ned knew he could not be seen.

In a moment the whispering was repeated. Then he became aware of a startling fact.

Forms were all about him. He could feel but not see them plainly. A voice said, faintly:

"Is all ready?"

"Yes."

"Then give the word!"

A tremolo whistle went up on the air. Instantly there was a sound of trampling feet.

Ned waited for no more.

He knew what it meant. He did not attempt to stay that flying throng of shadows passing by. He knew his strength against such odds would be puny and ineffective.

Instead he did what only could be done under the circumstances. A block away was a fire alarm box. Ned made a dash for it.

He reached it and pulled the alarm. Then he started back for the jail.

With the sounding of the alarm the fire companies came flying up the street. Men sprang out of bed and hastened to dress and go to the fire.

It was all that Ned could do. He knew full well that before the vigilants could reach the spot the damage would have been done and the desperadoes have made their escape.

The gang of bandits had brought a battering ram to bear on the door of the jail. The jailer and the guards came rushing to the scene, armed and prepared to die at their posts. The door crashed in and the battle began.

Of course, the odds were fearfully against the keepers, but still they made a bold stand and this it was which won the day. While the desperadoes were held in check by the bullets of the jail keepers they heard pandemonium in their rear.

The fire companies were arriving and making such a din that consternation seized the jail breakers. The conviction dawned upon them that they were being attacked from behind and were between two fires.

The result was that they became panic stricken and fell back. In a moment they were scattered and seeking safety in flight.

Meanwhile the firemen had rushed into the jail yard, and, taking in the situation, started in pursuit. Ned had reached the gate when one of them came in collision with him.

In a minute Ned threw out his foot and tripped him. He fell, and Ned on top of him held him down.

A couple of firemen with lanterns came up, and, recognizing Ned, gave him assistance.

As the lanterns flashed in his prisoner's face Ned gave a great cry.

"Luke Percival!"

It was indeed the exiled magnate, the criminal, who had once been the richest and proudest man in Ralston. He lay there in his bonds, speechless, but glaring murderously at Ned.

It need hardly be said that the young engineer was transported with joy. He could only stare at Percival for some moments.

Then he said:

"The way of the transgressor is hard!"

"The game is not ended yet!" gritted the fallen magnate.

"I don't think you can play it much further," said Ned. "Can you?"

"I hate you!"

"Your hatred can injure me no longer.

This is your last card. We shall see in the future that you will have no opportunity to repeat your evil deeds."

By this time the safety of the jail was assured.

The would-be jail-breakers were scattered and the entire police force of the town was on hand.

Altogether half a dozen prisoners had been taken, Percival among them. It was an easy matter to lodge them in the jail.

A line of guards was established about the prison. It was near morning when Ned went home. He managed to get a few hours of sleep, but he was early astir and on his way to his office.

The news of the night's doings had spread like wildfire through the town and created a tremendous sensation.

The fact that Luke Percival was in prison and that Ned Nerve had captured him added to the young magnate's laurels. He was besieged by friends at the office.

Mr. May could hardly believe it.

"Just to think," he said, "the very man of all men whom we wanted, and he came right into our arms."

"Certainly fortune was with us," said Ned.

"Fortune!" exclaimed Mr. May. "I should think that it was all due to your prescience and clever work. But for you they would have carried out their project. And if they had—what would be our position today?"

This was undoubtedly the truth. Ned deserved the credit which he received. But suddenly the door of the office opened and a man entered.

It was Mr. Ramsay, the lawyer who had charge of Percival's interests. Mr. Ramsay bowed and said:

"I am here by the request of my client, Mr. Luke Percival, to make you a proposition."

"What is it?" asked Ned.

"He is willing to sacrifice his railroad interests to you at a nominal figure, provided you will withdraw all charges against him and refuse to prosecute."

"That is not in my power," said Ned. "His case must be attended to by the State authorities."

"But if you refuse to testify against him at the hearing I think I can clear him of the Loop affair as he was not directly concerned in it."

"But the affair of last night—"

"That is not of so much importance. I can get him out on bail."

"And allow him to jump it?" said Ned.

"Hardly!" said the astute lawyer. "He will not need to. He can gather sufficient evidence to clear him."

"You and I know better, Mr. Ramsay," said Ned. "I do not blame you for taking advantage of every point for your client. Indeed, nobody would more cheerfully assist him to a better career than I, but for certain facts."

"What are they?"

"He is wholly treacherous and totally without honor. He is very malignant in his desires for revenge upon me."

"Oh, but you are wrong. He will now regard you as his benefactor."

"Pshaw!" said Ned, "that is hardly credible. I would have no assurance that he would not continue to burn trestles on my railroad and other lawless acts."

"You have no evidence that he did such a thing."

"I need no better evidence to convince me," said the young magnate. "I trust you will not deem me uncharitable or wholly without mercy, but not alone for myself but the interests of Ralston and its people I must stand firm."

The lawyer arose.

"Mr. Nerve," he said, "you are wholly right. There is a great public principle in this affair. This is the first time in my career I have deserted a client, whether thief or murderer. But I have such a despicable opinion of Luke Percival that from this moment he is no longer a client of mine."

With this statement Mr. Ramsay arose and took his departure.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

The tide of retribution which had overtaken Luke Percival was overwhelming. All was against him.

Friends, he had none. He was proven not even a friend to himself. He languished in the Ralston jail with his hopeful son.

Public sentiment was thoroughly against him. And now even his legal counsel declined to defend him.

The D. & R. under these circumstances would have been hung up had it not been for a very able manager named Joseph Bird, who endeavored to keep the line open. It was difficult to find engineers and yard men.

The Lake City road was booming. True to their purpose and promise the Ralston merchants boycotted the D. & R. as far as they were able. The result was that the stock fell rapidly.

Expenses ran far ahead of the revenue. Ruin stared the stockholders in the face. And these stockholders were not a dozen in all. Luke Percival himself held the majority of the shares, and, of course, controlled the road.

It is needless to say that the minority stockholders were in a panic. Some of them visited the ex-magnate in his prison cell.

At length, after much persuasion, he was induced to offer his stock for sale. It was placed on the market.

Ned at once began to buy it.

It was not his purpose to buy a controlling interest. He had no desire to become a monopolist.

"The D. & R. can work in harmony with the Lake City and all to mutual advantage," said Ned. "This is the end I wish to see brought about."

"Very good!" declared Mr. May. "I will endeavor to buy some of the stock also."

It was not long before Percival had sold out all his holdings. He was now entirely out of business.

Finally the day of his trial came. It did not take long for the jury to bring

in a verdict of guilty. He was sentenced to a term of imprisonment amounting to twenty years.

His hopeful son, Jack Percival, was shown more mercy, being sentenced for ten years.

Young Percival seemed disposed to be repentant, and there was a chance for him to reform and lead a better life after the chastening process of imprisonment.

After the trial was over and the Percivals disposed of, the clouds which had for so long hung over the fortunes of Ralston seemed to break away.

A systematic course of patrol by the vigilants rid the country of the train robbers and bandits. The region was opened up to the better pursuits of agriculture and mining.

Mr. May once more became superintendent of the D. & R.

He was elected by the unanimous vote of the stockholders. Things began to boom on the loop line.

And Ned Nerve now decided to come out in his true colors.

One evening he dropped into the May residence to tea. After the repast was over Ned and Mr. May went to the library, where they were joined later by Alice.

"Ned," said Mr. May as he blew wreaths of tobacco smoke, "you are the Ceresus of this part of the West."

"I hardly think so," objected Ned modestly.

"Oh, but you are! It is, however, still a mystery how you conjured up so much wealth in so short a space of time."

"Yes," chimed in Alice, "and I have been dying of curiosity ever since. And you know what a woman's curiosity is."

Ned laughed merrily.

"It is very discourteous of me to hold that curiosity in check," he said.

"Yes; but really, Ned, did you find a gold mine or did some spiritual Midas bring it down to you out of the clouds?"

"Well," said Ned, slowly, "before I answer I want to ask you if you don't think Ned Nerve an abominable name?"

"No," protested Alice, "I would hardly know you under another. What's in a name, anyway?"

"To tell the truth," said Mr. May, "I believe you deserve a better one. Of course, it is not your real name."

"Nobody knows that," said Alice.

"You are wrong," said Ned.

"What?"

"I know my real name and all about my origin, and I am now very happy to give you the story. Alice, may I speak?"

The young girl blushed a vivid red. She cast her eyes downward, but said:

"Yes, you may."

"It takes more courage than to face a cannon," said Ned, heroically, "but here goes: Mr. May, I hope you will not regard me as a pilferer, but I have won the consent of Alice to become my wife. Do we have yours?"

Mr. May's face showed no surprise, but there was a relaxing of its lines and his voice was modulated as he said:

"My children, I knew that it would be so. I have seen it coming. But I could wish you both no greater happiness. I hope, though, you will not desert the poor old father."

"Well, I guess not!" cried Ned, in a ringing voice. "Will we, Alice?"

"Never!" cried Alice, and their embraces and loving words brought tears of joy and happiness to the good man's eyes. But presently Ned cried:

"But I did not explain to you about my real name and how I got my fortune."

"Do!" cried Alice, impulsively. "Though I can never call you by any other name than Ned."

"I hope you never will, for that will be my real name," laughed Ned. "I shall hereafter be known as Edward Van Tyne."

"Van Tyne!" exclaimed Mr. May. "Why, the name is familiar. I once knew Eustace Van Tyne of Chicago. One of the noblest of men."

"He was my father."

Then Ned told the story of his life, of the duplicity of his uncle and how finally he had been located by the birth-mark and the name of the nurse, Claribel Ward. It all made a most remarkable romance.

And to-day the magnate of Ralston is Edward Van Tyne. He lives in a fine mansion and has a sweet and loving wife. Their fame is widespread. And Ralston is a model city.

But sometimes for the sake of old memories Edward Van Tyne descends from his luxurious office, is half-fellow-well-met with the round-house boys, dons a jumper and leaps into a locomotive cab and loops the loop on the D. & R., with all the old skill of the days when he was just NED NERVE, THE BOY ENGINEER, nothing less and nothing more.

[THE END.]

Our latest Catalogue is free to everybody. Send us your Name and Address for one.

Dusnap—Did she say, "This is so sudden?" Bertwhistle—You forget; she was a widow. She said, "You've been dead slow!"

A Little Fun.

The Thoughtful Sage—No man has any business looking "down in the mouth." The Cheerful One—Unless he is a dentist.

Mamma—Playing Indians is so rough. Why are you crying? Have they been scalping you again? Spotted Panther (alias Willie)—No, mamma, we've been smoking the pipe of peace.

New Maid—The grocer and the baker left the eggs and the cream puffs, ma'am. Mrs. Housekeep—I hope they are fresh. New Maid (blushingly)—Well, they each stole a kiss, ma'am.

A shipwrecked sailor said they were out of provisions, in an open boat, for 20 days. "How did you live?" "Sure, sir, we dined on one of the officers. It was the first mate we'd had in a month."

Butcher—You've six or eight new boarders, ain't you, mum? Miss Slimdiet—Yes. They came yesterday. How did you know? Butcher—I noticed you was buying half a pound more of everything.

Ole timer—Is your married life one grand, sweet song? Newlywed—Well, since our baby's been born it's been more like an opera, full of grand marches, with loud calls for the author every night.

"I told the editor I had some poetical ideas I wanted to carry out." "What did he say?" "He professed to be delighted. 'Carrying them out,' he said, 'was neater and quieter than throwing them out.'"

One day a tramp entered a chemist's shop in Wrexham with the usual "I beg pardon, sir—" "Oh, that's all right, my man; don't you trouble about that," said the proprietor, "so long as you don't beg anything else."

Mrs. Mahoole—Shure, awn th' doctor is makin' a hog out av Patrick. Mrs. O'Toole—Awn how so, Mrs. Mahoole? Mrs. Mahoole—Phoy, he forbid him smokin' icipit after meals, awn now Patrick ates tin meals a day.

"Children," said the teacher, while instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves, and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writing or draw inspirations from outside sources." As a result of this advice Johnny Wise turned in the following composition: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but rite what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick lemon candy, and my dinner."

Interesting Items.

Snow is a substance which offers a most surprising resistance to penetration by a rifle bullet, far more, indeed, than wood. Experiments made in Norway have shown that a snow wall four feet thick is absolutely proof against the Norwegian army rifle, which, by the way, is of quite exceptional piercing power, and that at all ranges from fifty yards up to half a mile. This suggests a new means of defense in winter campaigning, and snow is far more easily and quickly handled than earth or sandbags.

A farmer who had sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him a dog to drive them a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end and tell it to go home. The driver found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and, instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to its master, and, to that person's astonishment, drove the whole flock home again.

Trees are subject to spontaneous combustion. The banks of the Cam River, in Cambridgeshire, England, have recently exhibited an unusual number of such cases, and young growing willows have been the victims in nearly every case. Cambridge used to pride itself upon its beautiful willows, and it was therefore with sorrow that the people discovered one morning the charred remains of what had once been a really beautiful specimen of the willow tree. The fate of the tree naturally attracted attention to the phenomenon, and thereafter but too much opportunity was afforded for the study of it. At one point in the river in particular the process was seen. Green trees, covered with rich masses of foliage, suddenly burst forth into conflagration and burned to their very cores. Fine willows in full vigor poured forth clouds of smoke from their half-burned stems. An examination of the charred remains of the trees revealed nothing in the way of explanation, but as the trees which met their fates were for the most part young there could hardly have been putrescence or fermentation. Just why the willows should meet such sudden ends is not apparent.

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OR,

THE LUCK OF A POOR BOY.

By R. T. EMMET.

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[This story commenced in No. 388.]

Old Blinker, the Detective;

OR,

THE GHOULS OF THE GRAVE YARD GATE.

By OLD KING BRADY,

Author of "The Head in the Hole; or, The Mystery of the Black Skull."

CHAPTER X.

THE OTHER BOY.

For once in his life Old Blinker lost his head.

He was particularly anxious, for several reasons, not to be caught in the cemetery, and with his mind full of that idea he lost his way in the darkness and was unable to find it again.

neither fence nor hedge around it. There was the grave, but it was not open as he had left it, having been filled up again and put it the same condition as it had been left by the grave diggers after the funeral.

"It beats the band!" muttered Old Blinker. "Have they buried him again, or is this only a blind? Unless I dig into it myself I shall never know now. Confound it all, I wish I had stuck by that boy. His

Although he was spoken to again and again, and pulled about this way and that, it was impossible to arouse him, and no answer was returned.

"This boy has been drugged," muttered Old Blinker. "He is half dead now."

But the boy was very far from dead, for he was able to walk along after a fashion supported by the detective.

The movement seemed to revive him in part. He raised his eyes and began muttering unintelligibly to himself, but to every question Old Blinker put to him he returned no answer. What mind he had left was evidently far away.

"I must get him out of here," thought Old Blinker; "but I can't take him to the hotel. What in the world shall I do?"

Just then he came in sight of the fence, and there was the long-looked-for break. With a sigh of relief Old Blinker ordered Hector to pass through it, necessarily letting go of him, for there was not room enough for both to pass.

He had every reason to regret this the minute he had done it, for Hector sprang



A TALL MAN, EVIDENTLY A FOREIGNER, THEN APPEARED AT THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE. "CATCH HOLD HERE," SAID HE, BENDING DOWN TOWARD HECTOR AND EXTENDING HIS HAND. "I'LL SOON GET YOU OUT OF THAT." AND WITH A GRIP OF STEEL HE PULLED HECTOR OUT OF THE GRAVE.

On he went, on, on, and still on, but he did not come to the fence as he expected to, and this puzzled him so that it only made matters worse.

All sounds died away behind him, and the stillness of death prevailed, for the rain had now ceased and the wind had gone down. Covered with mud, wet and bedraggled, the detective wandered about the cemetery for all of an hour, too angry and disgusted with himself to think clearly.

"It won't do!" he muttered at last. "I must quit this. If I can't find my way out I had better roost in some tree until morning. This is the worst snap I ever got into. I wouldn't have supposed that I could be such a fool."

He stood still for a long time, trying to get his bearings, coming to the conclusion that he must have gone around in a circle, as was doubtless the case.

If I can only manage to keep a straight track I am bound to come to the fence on one side or the other," he thought. "I'll try it once more. Perhaps I shall have better luck this time."

He pushed on, not with the same feverish haste that he had been going, but slowly.

He had not gone far before he heard the rattle of wagon wheels in the distance. The wagon seemed to be moving away from him; soon the sounds ceased to be heard.

"There's something doing," muttered Old Blinker. "If I could only have struck the wagon I would have tackled whoever was in it and taken my chances, for—hello! Hello! What have we here?"

He had suddenly come out on familiar ground.

Here right before him was Mr. Zollman's grave.

Old Blinker recognized the spot instantly, and the moon coming out just then showed it to him so plainly that there could be no chance of a mistake.

The lot was newly laid out; it had

eyesight is better than mine. If we had remained together perhaps this would not have occurred, and I might have known now what all this mysterious business means."

It was of no use to regret the mistakes of the night, however, and the detective pushed on, knowing his way now, and heading for the break in the fence.

He soon found himself in among the thick mass of evergreen trees which skirted the fence on the inside, and was pushing through them, when all at once he stumbled over a human body lying stretched upon the ground.

Out came the detective's dark lantern, which he had put away when the moon showed itself; before that he had been using it for some time.

"Hector!" he gasped, looking down at the upturned face. "Great heavens, they have killed him! He is dead!"

Old Blinker dropped on his knees beside the body.

Hector's hat was gone, and his clothes were all covered with mud.

To the detective's intense relief he found that the boy was breathing naturally. He seemed to be merely asleep.

Old Blinker shook him again and again—shook him a dozen times before he succeeded in arousing him—and when he did at last succeed, he found that he had some one very different from the old Hector on his hands.

All of a sudden he opened his eyes, stared at Old Blinker, and sprang to his feet with a frightened cry.

"Let me go! Let me go!" he called out as the detective seized hold of him. "I won't go back there! No, I won't! I'd sooner die!"

This was the first stage of the game.

The second was peculiar enough. All in an instant Hector's head fell forward, and he was asleep standing.

He would have fallen if the detective had not held him tight.

away and ran like a deer down the Glen-dale road.

"Great Scott! The boy is stark mad!" gasped Old Blinker. "And I'm in the soup for fair."

There was only one thing to do, and that was to follow on the best he could, but for a heavy old man like the detective this was hard work.

To overtake Hector was impossible. It was all he could do to keep him in sight, and at last he saw him come to a halt at the junction of the road with a broad avenue, along which a trolley car went flying toward Brooklyn.

Hector shouted at the car, but it did not stop.

Then after running a little further he stopped himself, and leaning against an electric light pole dropped his head again, and seemed to go off into another of his strange sleeps.

"Now I've got him, by gracious!" panted Old Blinker. "If my wind will only hold out three minutes longer he is in my hands."

He paddled on, puffing and blowing, coming up with the boy at last.

"Hector! Hector! Wake up!" he exclaimed, seizing his arm and giving him a violent shake.

"Well, I'm awake," was the reply. "Who are you?"

"Don't you know me? Old Blinker! Try and remember!"

"No, I don't know you. I never saw you before in my life."

It was something that he was able to talk at all, Old Blinker thought.

"You'll come around all right in a minute," he said. "The cars on this avenue only stop at the red poles. Let us walk to the next one. Come on."

"What avenue? What cars?"

"This is Myrtle Avenue. These cars go to the bridge. We want to go to New York."

[Continued on page 13.]

JIM JUMP;

OR,

DOING A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

By TOM TEASER,

Author of "Matt, the Mimic," "The Schoolboy Minstrels," "Flip Flap, the Boy Clown," etc., etc.

PART I.

When the principal of the school told Jim Jump that his room was preferable to his company in the educational establishment where he had been in attendance for some months, Jim concluded to go and look for a job.

In fact, jobs had always been in the boy's line, and he had put up more of them than one could count.

Then he went in, and as an oily looking man with long whiskers and smooth hands came forward he said:

"I've come to apply for the boy's place." "Was you been offer to Cohen's first and den you come here to get more money?" asked the man, eyeing Jim suspiciously.

"Who is Cohen?"

"He's de man across de street vat dinks he was mein rival. I sell more as twice

me what you'll give me yet, and I've been working three days. Don't you like me?" "Yes, my boy, I like you first rate, but you wasn't here a week yet. When you stay a week den I pays you."

"That's all right, but how much?"

"How much you want?"

"Ten dollars."

Rosey nearly collapsed.

"Ach! Ten dollars!" he shouted. "Mein goodness, I don't make so much as dot meinsel. I gife you two dollar a week. Cohen across der street only pays ein dollar a week, but I was chenerous."

"Oh, yes, like fun you are!" thought Jim, resolved to have the worth of his money in fun, and say nothing.

A little later, when things were quiet in the store, he said to the boss:

"I say, Mr. Rosenblatt, do you know what you ought to do? It will knock Cohen cold, and he'll have to move off the block."

"Vat vos dot, Chim?"

"Put a dummy in front of your store. Cohen hasn't got one, and you'll get all his trade."

"Yes, dot was good, but dot dummy cost money, and I don't got time to get him."

"Yes, you have," said Jim. "Dress me up in a nobby suit of clothes, put a card on my breast, and stand me out there. I'll keep so still that folks 'll think I'm made of wood."

"My goodness, dot vos putty good, Chim. Could you do dot?"

"Sure, I can," said Jim. "Watch me."

Then he assumed a rigid attitude and a vacant stare, and held them both for some time.

"My goodness, dot was fine, Chim. I took you out on mein shoulder and stood you up, and Cohen he dinks I hafe a dummy and tear his viskers out." "That's it. He'll give up business as

and trying to attract customers, Rosey came out, hung a hastily written sign about Jim's neck, and said:

"Ladies and chentlemans, dis was der funiest advertising invention dot you efer sawed. Chust listen to dot new talking clothing store dummy, der newest thing out, and my own patent."

Then, while Jim stood perfectly still with his stony stare and frozen smile, Rosey produced a big key, stuck it under Jim's coat tails, and proceeded to turn it.

Jim gave a sort of spasmodic gasp, rolled his eyes, opened his mouth, and then began to speak in the wheezy, whirling, mechanical fashion so common to the voices in the phonograph.

"Ladies and gentlemen, go to Rosenblatt's for your coats, pants and vests, hats, shoes and underwear, collars, neckties and suspenders, and everything you wear, at prices below cost."

"Dere, mein friends!" cried the clothier. "Vasn't dot beautiful? Vili you find any such invention as dot across der street? Dis vas der blace vat had all der new ideas and der lowest brices."

Then Jim said something else, and the crowd gazed in wonder.

"Hully chee! Dat ting takes de biscuit, shoot me if it don't!" cried one admirer.

"Wall, it does beat all what things they dew get up these days," said a countryman in search of bargains.

"Ah, go on; that's a live boy," said one doubter.

"No, mein friends, dot was a machine, der most wonderful dot you efer saw!" cried Rosenblatt. "Off dot was a life boy he got mad off I said somedings to him. Vatch me, Chim. You vos a liar und a sheat; you was no good."

Jim took his cue, for it wasn't time to spring his joke yet, kept perfectly rigid, stared and smiled as before, and then said in his phonographic voice:

"Step right in and buy your fall overcoats while they are cheap. Get your winter flannels while the prices are low. Buy of Rosenblatt, the maker, and save money."

"Waal, I'll be durned!"

"That's no live boy, cully. He wouldn't stand for no such guff if he was."

"Ach, my gollies, but dot lays ofer Cohen, I bet me."

"Begorrah, it's the wondher av the age, and I'll buy all me things here after this."

Rosey roped in a dozen customers, and Cohen came over to see the latest thing in advertising.

Jim got off one of his set speeches, and Cohen was simply paralyzed.

"All right; I get square on Rosenblatt. I smash dot machine, und den he got nodings."

After a while Rosey came out and said: "Ach, my boy, dot was shplendid. My business was nefer so goot as dot."

"Will you give me ten dollars, Rosey?" asked Jim.

"I bay you next week, chust like I said I would, Chim."

"Yes, that's all right; but will you give me the ten per?"

"I gife you good vages, don't you forgot dot. You was a goot 'boy, und you make goot business already. Now go aheadt and talk some more like dat machine. I see der beebles coming."

Then Rosey skipped inside, all ready for business.

The people came up, and Jim said in wheezy tones:

"Don't go in here, it's a skin game."

"Ha! That's a funny way to advertoise."

"Go to Cohen's for your hats, shoes and clothes. Cohen is the only honest man in the business."

"Dot's right!" cried Cohen himself. "Dot machine tells der truth ebery time."

"Do not buy of Rosenblatt. He's a skin."

Go to Cohen if you want your money's worth. Cohen is the best clothier on the avenue. Rosenblatt is a swindler."

"Waal, I never did."

"Yah! Dot was so, I bellef me."

"Faith, I'll try him, annyway. Maybe the machine's right after all."

Then the gang went over to Cohen's, and Rosey came out to see what was the matter.

He was just in time to hear Jim say in his machine voice:

"Rosey is a skin; I wouldn't buy a pair of socks from him for fear they'd fall off before I got home."

"My goodness! You was ruin me off you talk like dot!" cried Rosey. "You loafer boy! I break your face off you say I vas a sheat. Go away; I don't want you some more. You vos no good."

"All right," said Jim, chucking off his labels, and making a break. "Tra-la-lala, Rosey, old sport."

Then Rosenblatt realized something.

Jim was getting away with his new suit.

"Hold on! Come back here with mein suit off clothes."

"Not on your life!" said Jim, laughing, and away he flew.

Rosey flew after him, and so did Rosey's wife and son and daughter and father and mother, but Jim had the start, and kept the lead.

"Well, I made a suit of clothes out of the deal," he said, "and I've had some fun besides, so I guess I'm paid for my trouble."



THINGS BEGAN TO COME JIM'S WAY. A SHAVING MUG WHIZZED PAST HIS HEAD. A HAIR BRUSH WHISTLED PAST HIS EAR. BOTTLES, COMBS, AND RAZORS FOLLOWED IN QUICK SUCCESSION. IN THE MIDST OF IT THE BOSS TURNED THE CORNER. TROUBLE WAS BREWING FOR SOME ONE.

Jim Jump was smart, saucy and sixteen, lived in the city of New York, and knew as much about playing tricks on folks as most young fellows of his age, if not more, in fact.

It was his very habit of playing practical jokes that led the principal to dispense with Jim's company and intimate that some other school or the jail would be better for him than where he was.

Jim had long wanted to go to work, and he now came to the conclusion that the proper time for him to do so had arrived.

Saying nothing to his father of the flip-pant and altogether unnecessary remarks concerning him which the educational miller had uttered, Jim simply said:

"Pop, I'm going to work. I'm tired of school."

"All right," said the elder Jump, who was too busy at the time to think much of what Jim said. "Just as you like."

That was all that Jim wanted, and he forthwith began to hunt up a job.

He didn't care very much what it was, for, like most boys, it was more a question of doing anything than any particular thing, and he made up his mind to take the first job that offered.

He did not look in the "Wants" column of the paper, but just started out in the morning with the idea of getting a job and taking the first that turned up.

Sauntering down the avenue he finally saw in a little side street just around the corner a clothing store with a "Boy Wanted" sign in the window.

"That suits me all right, I guess," he remarked, as he made his way toward the place.

When he reached the door he saw that there was another clothing store just across the street which also had a "Boy Wanted" card displayed.

"That's all right. If I don't catch on here, I'll go across the street," thought Jim.

as much as he does. I vunder he keeps in der business, mit me so glose."

"Yes, I don't see how he can do it myself," said Jim. "You've got a bully lot of goods, and his stuff is bum."

"How much wages do you want?" asked the Jew, whose name Jim found to be Rosenblatt, by looking at some cards on the showcase.

"How much can you give me?"

"I don't know how much you are worth. Was you ever worked before?"

"Oh, yes; I've worked everybody," said Jim glibly.

"Dot Cohen vants a boy, but you should not go mit him off you expect to get paid. He didn't had business enough to hafe a boy. You stay mit me, und I make a man off you."

"That's all right," said Jim; "but how much do I get?"

"Vell, I toldt you; you vork here to-day, und aff I like you, den I engage you recklar. Dot vas der best."

"All right," said Jim, and he got to work.

He was kept busy till six o'clock, and then Rosenblatt said:

"Vell, you vas a pooty good boy, und I dinks you better had come to-morrow."

"How much do I get?"

"Yes, dot was all right. I pays you by der week. Good-night. Sefen o'clock in der morning, dot's right. Yes ma'am, you vish a pair of pants for der poy? All right, madam, dis vay, off you please."

Jim worked three days in the place, and then it was Saturday and nothing had been said about wages.

Rosenblatt and Cohen were rivals, and what one did the other tried to do better.

If Cohen advertised seven-dollar pants for four twenty-nine, Rosenblatt immediately posted nine-dollar ones for three forty-seven, and so it went in everything.

Saturday noon, when business was slack, Jim said to the boss:

"Say, Mr. Rosenblatt, you haven't told

soon as he sees me."

Then Jim was clothed in a nine dollar suit, marked down from seventeen-fifty, and while he held himself perfectly stiff Rosey himself put him on his shoulder, carried him out, set him in front of the window, and stuck a big card on his breast.

Jim stood with his arms hanging stiff to his sides, a vacant stare in his eyes, and a sickly smile on his face, and looked for all the world like the dummies you often see in front of clothing stores.

There were more people passing now, and many stopped to look at Jim, feel of his coat sleeves, pinch his trouser legs, and make remarks.

Several went inside, and presently Jim saw Cohen come outside, gaze at the new sign across the street, wave his hands frantically, and then rush inside.

"It's up to Cohen now," chuckled Jim, "and we'll see some fun."

In a few minutes Cohen and his son, who was also his head clerk, came out lug-ging after them two antiquated dummies on iron standards, and set them one on either side of the door.

"Wait till Rosey sees that," chuckled Jim. "Well, I've got something for him to match it with."

Presently Rosey came out, stood in front of Jim, and said:

"Did you saw what dot feller did, Chim? He was got two dummies, und I was only had one. Do you know anoder boy vat vants a chob?"

"No; but I'll tell you what you do, Mr. Rosenblatt. Mark out a sign, 'The New Talking Machine' and put it on me."

"Vell, vot den?"

"Then you can come out and wind me up, and I'll talk and get you customers. You won't know me from a phonograph."

"Mein goodness, Chim, dot was a fine scheme," said Rosey, as he rushed inside.

Presently, when several persons were in front of the store, and Cohen was yelling

Rosenblatt could not catch him, and returned with his tribe to his store to weep over the loss of the new suit, and to carry on more relentlessly than ever the war against his rival Cohen.

On Monday Jim started out again to find a job and put up some fun at the same time.

During the forenoon, having made inquiry at several places if they wanted any one, and having answered one or two advertisements, all without success, he walked into a funny little barber shop with one chair, presided over by an Italian.

The latter was giving himself a shave when Jim entered.

"You're next!" he said, turning a half-lathered face toward Jim. "Sit down; I wait on you in a tree minute."

"I don't want to get shaved or have my hair cut," said Jim. "I'm looking for a job. Have you got one?"

"Oh, you want a place for work?"

"Yes; what's the show here?"

"You blacka de boot, brusha de coat, sweep up de floor, filla de bott' an' any olda ting?"

"Sure, I can. How much will you give me?"

"I give you nothing, firsta time. You getta de tip, makea de mon' shinea de boot, brusha de coat. Some people givea you tena cent for de brush, some givea you de nick; alla dat count. Whena you learna cuta de hair, shavea de face, den I givea you somet'ing."

"That's all right," said Jim, who thought there might be something in the job for a while, and a chance to have fun, at any rate. "You want me to begin now?"

"Ifa you like. Sometime I go getta my supp', leavea de shop, supposea somebody comea in, you tella him I be back prett' soon, givea him pape' to read, blacka de shoe, any olda ting' alla de same you keepa him."

"Certainly, I understand that. Once a man comes in you don't want me to let him get away until you see him."

"Data right; you catcha on. You watcha me cutta de hair, shavea de face, somea day you catcha on dat, too; makea de gooda barb', earn plent' mon'. Next gent'!"

The Italian had finished his shave by this time, and was ready for the customer who looked in at that moment.

There were three customers in an hour and a half, and Jim made a nickel on a shine, and got two bad pennies and a brass button in the way of tips.

Then for a couple of hours there was nothing doing.

It wasn't the time for the Italian's regular customers to come in, and transient trade seemed to go right by the little shop.

It wasn't much bigger than a bandbox, it was on a side street, and there was nothing particularly attractive about it, anyhow, so that there was really no wonder why there were no more patrons.

Finally, when the street seemed to be asleep, and there hadn't any one passed in half an hour, and everybody appeared to have left the neighborhood, the boss said:

"I go getta my supp'. You minda de shop, Jim. I be righta back, fifteen minute, data all."

"All right, boss; I won't run away."

"Data gooda boy. I no bea long. If anybody come, you keepa him."

"That's all right; I won't let him get away if I have to lock the door."

Then the Italian put on his hat and coat, and sailed off, repeating that he wouldn't be gone more than fifteen minutes.

Twice that time passed, and he had not returned.

"Things are kind of slow here," said Jim, who had read a three-days-old paper through twice, had fished up some six-months-old comic papers, and had failed to be interested, and was now looking for some sort of excitement.

"I'll have to find some kind of fun," he yawned, "or I'll go to sleep. This would be a peach of a place for a nervous boy. There isn't the least thing to disturb him."

Presently a man with a scraggy beard and ragged-looking hair came in, looked around, and said:

"Boss in?"

"Yes, sir. You're next."

"Are you the boss?"

"Sure, I am. What do you want? Shave, haircut, shampoo, trim your whiskers, shine your boots?"

"Well, I want my hair cut. Can you do it?"

"Sure, I can. Take a seat. Long or short, use the clippers, or take the scissors? What style do you like best, football, prize fighter, student, artist or broker? We're here to suit all sorts, and we always try to do it."

Now, Jim knew as much about cutting hair as a temperance reformer knows of mixing cocktails, but he didn't mean to let that customer get away.

If he had to learn the tonsorial profession, he might as well begin now, and so he was all business.

He took off the head rest, got out a big apron, and then invited the victim to take a seat.

"Don't cut it too short," said the stranger. "Just a leetle, that's all. I wear my hair longer than most folks. Just trim it up, that's all."

"All right, sir. You leave it to me. I'll

give you the nicest hair cut you ever had. Pleasant weather, isn't it?"

"Yes; first class."

"Shouldn't wonder if it might rain. Take the clippers, did you say? It needs trimming up in the back. You'd better let me do it right."

The man didn't say anything, and Jim noticed that he was beginning to nod.

"That's all right," he said, with a grin. "He won't give me any trouble if he takes a snooze."

Then Jim got to work.

First he took the clippers and started to mow down the straggling growth at the back of the neck.

Clippers look easy enough to work.

Jim was up against trouble at the start when he began to work them, however.

First he cut too deep, and then he didn't cut deep enough.

"I guess the little old scissors are good enough for me," he remarked, when he had ploughed a ragged furrow to the crown of the victim's head.

Then he took up the scissors.

He clipped and snipped and cut and hacked.

He made a ridge, tried to cut it, made another, and then had to even that up.

In a few minutes the man's head looked like a roof where half the shingles had been loosened.

"Oh, well, I'll cut it a little shorter, that's all," said Jim.

Then he cut it a good deal shorter, and not at all even.

He managed to escape cutting the fellow's ear or digging the points of the scissors into his neck, but it was a very queer hair cut.

The victim's hair looked as if the goats had been at it.

Finally Jim thought it couldn't be improved, and stopped.

Then he cut the fellow's beard square off at the bottom, making it look like a whisk broom.

"Latest from Russia," he remarked, as he picked up a bottle.

He soused the man's head, rubbed in an ounce or two of grease, and then combed it, plastering the hair down and making a double curve on the forehead.

"All right," he said. "Next!"

Then the man yoked up.

"Finished?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Hm! I never paid more'n fifteen at home."

"Well, this is a first-class shop, and we have to charge more."

The man leaned forward and took a look in the glass.

He did not seem altogether satisfied.

Then he caught up a hand-glass and put it behind his head.

"Gee whiz! What sort of a hair cut do you call that?" he howled.

Then he jumped up.

"I told you I didn't want it cut short," he yelled. "Now just look at it."

"That's all right, said Jim, edging toward the door. "That's the very latest thing in hair cuts."

The man jumped out of the chair in a rage.

Then he began to throw things.

A shaving mug whizzed past Jim's head.

A hair brush whistled past his ear.

Then he concluded that things were coming his way in a manner to embarrass him.

"This is where I go and get my own supper," he remarked.

Then he made a break, getting out safely just as the boss turned the corner.

In another second a hair brush flew out of the door.

Then the boss ran in to investigate.

Trouble was brewing for some one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MILKING A COW.

By "ED."

At present I am in the country. I know it is the country because there are signs all around—"Keep off the Grass," "This Way to McNeil's Summer Garden," "Look Out for the Locomotive," "Post no Bills," etc., which meet my gaze on every side.

Still it is good enough country for me. We have two trees in our front yard, a grapevine which grows a pleasant mixture of sour grapes and red ants and bugs, which can drop down the back of your neck every time.

We also have a horse-block, which, being set up flat against a rock at least fifty feet from any road, is a very useful article, and would probably startle the wits out of any horse that chanced to see it.

To further add to the delusion that we are in the real drive-the-spigot-through-the-revenue-stamp country, the only way of reaching New York is by a line of cars which run semi-weekly.

But it is a nice line of cars.

The driver is also conductor, brakeman, superintendent and president of the car line. He is also expected to take care of

the rolling stock, which is a pretty hard job, for a wheel or something of the rolling stock is always going away. Some day, when the mule which draws the rolling stock gets ugly, she will kick it all to pieces and break up the line, which would be too bad, for it is paying big dividends.

Often as many as two people ride in it at once, and it was but a week ago that a party numbering seven got into the car.

But they broke the driver all up.

He was so paralyzed at the sudden rush that when they asked him what the fare was he feebly said he did not know—they could suit themselves.

I guess, though, we will shoot the car line and get down to facts.

Amid the ornaments of our country home is a cow.

She is a strawberry blonde of a cow.

Her horns are ostentatiously tipped with silver, and therefore she will not commingle with other cows, her favorite friend being Patterson's goat, who strolled into our church, when it was carelessly left open, and swallowed the baptism bowl.

Since that time Patterson's goat has become a serial in his ideas and won't butt anybody who lives in a tenement house.

She is a very high-bred cow.

She is a cross between an Alderney and a fox terrier, and she has a regular pedigree, which proves that every one of her ancestors was worse than she is.

She is valuable, too.

The man who runs our rustic ranch told me that he would not take \$15 for her. "She'll fetch more than that for bones," he continued, in a burst of confidence.

The other night we sat upon the piazza, inhaling the pure, country air which blew over from the oil works.

I felt sentimental.

"How grateful is this quiet!" I remarked. "Yes," said Merrill (Merrill is a fellow-sucker—I mean boarder), "if it wasn't for the fight at Kleinsmidt's saloon and the practicing of that fellow next door upon his cussed cornet, and the boiler factory being in full blast, at night, and the lowing or bawling of that confounded cow, the quiet would be very grateful. I'd be grateful, too."

"Poor cow!" said Miss Feather, who goes to the city every dawn with her lunch tied up in a music roll, so that people won't think she works at Macy's, "she must be sick."

"Tain't sickness," said the man who runs our ranch—his alias is Gump—"she wants to be milked."

"Why don't the hired man milk her?" asked I.

"Hired man's at a picnic."

"Why don't you?"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Sore thumb."

Now I recollected that once, in early childhood, in the full flush and enthusiasm of budding freshness, I had milked a cow.

I forget now what sort of a cow it was, but from my recent experience I think it must have been a cow afflicted with paralysis or else wrapt in a trance.

So says I:

"I'll milk the cow."

If I had proposed to fly from Liverpool to Bombay with rubber boots on, or skate across the Atlantic in midsummer, they could not have looked more surprised.

"You milk a cow?" asked Merrill.

"Yes," I replied.

"You ain't crazy?"

"No."

"Perfectly sober?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I'll make you a bet."

"What?"

"Lay you five dollars you can't milk a pint-pail full."

It so happened that I got up before my room-mate did that morning, consequently I had five dollars. I will vow that the possession of such a lot of money rather made me tremulous, and I was glad to get rid of it by betting with Merrill.

I accepted the wager.

The money was put up in Mr. Gump's hands. Merrill was five cents shorts, but he put up a gold collar-button to make the deficiency all right, and we all adjourned to the back yard, where the cow—her title is Beauty, because she is ugly enough to scare a poster off a fence—was moored to a tree.

Mr. Gump got a stool, a three-legged stool. Anybody who would milk a cow except upon the time-hallowed, three-legged stool would steal skunks.

I placed the stool abaft of the hind-quarters of Beauty, placed the pail between her legs, rolled up my sleeves and started to begin operations, first having placed the milk-pail between my legs.

I grasped a teat.

Beauty seemed to object.

She moved.

I moved after her.

She moved again.

So did I.

Merrill sarcastically said he did not come to see a go-as-you-please contest. He wanted to see me milk her. I crushed him with the answer that if he would anchor her tail down I would start the flow of lacteal fluid.

Mr. Gump came to my aid.

He stood by Beauty's head and petted her. She at last stood still.

I caught hold of the teat again.

I pulled.

"For heaven's sake, Ed," said Merrill, "that cow is not formed of iron! Use her gently."

I told Merrill to bake up. I was milking that cow.

I pulled again.

Success!

Milk—real milk came!

I crowded over Merrill.

"What did I tell you?" I said. "Bet I can milk ten consecutive cows in ten consecutive minutes!"

Merrill looked surprised.

"Blamed if it ain't milk!" he said.

"Of course!" I answered, ironically.

"What did you suppose it would be, rum and molasses? Maybe you think the majority of cows give licorice water? Maybe—"

While talking I must have bit the cow in the leg or something, for she switched her tail around.

She worked her tail in a very athletic way and it caught me under the chin.

I gracefully retired, stool and all, flat upon my back, while Merrill laughed and Miss Feather giggled. I hate to hear Miss Feather giggle, for five of her front teeth are out and she's a little tongue-tied. She don't giggle nice at all.

I got up sore, but indignant.

"You need not laugh," I haughtily made speech. "I just felt a cramp coming, and I laid over backward to straighten out."

They scoffed at my statement, so I icily kept on milking.

Squirt!

Squirt!

The jets of milk pattered against the bottom of the pail.

I was getting along tip-top, and I began singing.

Maybe the cow could not endure my singing. Very few can. At any rate, she lifted one leg, and—

Well, I was picked up a mile distant. The pail has not been heard from since.

Merrill said the cow kicked, but I don't believe it. I think it was a clear case of earthquake.

Anyhow, Merrill won the five dollars.

He wishes now he hadn't, for he is in Ludlow Street Jail on a charge of being a counterfeiter. The bill was bad!

"Pluck and Luck" contains just the sort of story you like.

[This story commenced in No. 387.]

A BORN FIREMAN:

OR,

THE YOUNG FOREMAN OF No. 2.

By ROBERT LENNOX.

Author of "The Reds of Reddington," "Hero Forty Four," "Quick and Sharp," "Bob, the Bell Boy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOM WHALEY AND ETHEL LIVINGSTON.

When Tom Whaley told Ethel Livingston that he preferred to wear her image on his heart to having a three or four hundred dollar diamond scarf pin, she looked him straight in the face, and asked:

"Do you mean that, Tom?"

"Yes, I do."

She deliberately laid her hand in his, saying:

"Then wear it there, Tom. I have yours engraved on my heart as the hero to whom I owe my life, ever since that night you rescued me from the fire. I couldn't help it to save my life. I can't close my eyes in sleep without dreaming of you, and feeling your strong arm about me as I did when you bore me down the ladder."

"How strange," he remarked. "I've dreamed about you, too. You was awfully frightened, but I clung to you and you clung to me as we went down together in a heap when we fell. I was never so glad of anything as when mother told me that you would be here to-day to dine with us, for I wanted to look upon your face. I'd only seen you a few times before on the streets, and didn't know who you were; but as I was bringing you down the ladder I looked into your face just before you recovered from your swoon and thought it was the sweetest one I ever looked into in my life. Even then I did not know who you were. When I heard that you were Arthur's sister I could but wonder if he was resenting my holding you in my arms as I was at the time."

"No, he was excited, Tom. He thought that the flames were reaching both of us. He isn't much of a fireman, you know, but I can't tell you how glad I am at what you said about his behavior last night and this morning. I can't conceive it

receiving from some of the most aristocratic young ladies in the town. When any of the girls met them their recognition was extremely formal, not to say chilly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Next week: "Bound to Go West; or, The Luck of a Poor Boy," by R. T. Emmet.

Old Blinker, the Detective

(Continued from page 8.)

"Yes, I want to go to New York. I want to go home to my brother. I ought to have been there long ago."

"That's all right. We will find your brother. Come with me. I am your friend. Don't try to talk now. Your brain will soon clear, and then you can tell me all about it—see?"

"No, I don't want to go with you." I don't know you. I'll stay here and wait for the next car."

The detective was in despair, but after a little more persuasion he induced the boy to move on to the next red pole.

Soon the car came, and they boarded it. The conductor offered some objection at first, thinking that the detective had a drunk in tow, but when Old Blinker showed his shield he yielded, and they were soon whirling on toward Ridgewood, having the car all to themselves.

"Well, now, this is better. We are getting on," exclaimed Old Blinker. "Come, brace up, Hector. You will soon be all right."

Then came the surprise. "My name is not Hector!" exclaimed the boy, turning suddenly on Old Blinker. "I am Herbert Howard. Hector is my brother. I want to find him right away now."

"Great Scott!" gasped the detective. "This must be the other boy."

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HECTOR.

Thus Old Blinker's "Hector" had turned out to be Herbert.

The missing twin had been found, and Hector himself was missing.

Thus mystery had been added to mystery, but the brothers looked so much alike that it was no wonder that even so shrewd a man as the detective should be deceived. Meanwhile, what had happened to Hector?

We shall now proceed to explain. It was no pleasant thing to go tumbling into a "watery grave" chased by white-robed figures at midnight through a lonely cemetery, and it was no wonder that Hector felt that his last hour had come, when scrambling to his feet he stood minus his hat in mud and water up to his waist, only to see two of the white-robed figures bending down over the edge of the grave looking at him.

Hector could not make out who or what they were.

They wore a simple, loose garment of white muslin drawn down over their heads, and, as he afterwards knew reaching to their heels.

There were eye holes and a breathing hole at the mouth, but their faces were entirely concealed.

"Who are you? Help me out of this?" cried Hector, feeling for his revolver.

Something impelled him not to draw it. He determined to get out of the grave before he made any other move.

Two other figures, masked in the same strange way, now appeared at the brink of the grave.

Hector spoke again, but they did not answer him.

One of the figures gave a silly, chuckling laugh, thrust its hand through an arm hole in the white robe, and laughed again, but spoke no words.

"Will you help me out?" demanded Hector. "Whoever you are, you have got me. I give up. Lean down, one of you, and lend me a hand. I can work myself out of this if you will take hold."

Two of the figures laughed at this, but no movement was made to help Hector, and the muddy sides of the grave were too slippery for him to help himself.

Just then hurried footsteps were heard approaching, and a voice called out:

"Got him, boys? Got him? That's right. I'm coming. Ha, ha, ha!"

A tall man, evidently a foreigner, with a heavy, brown beard and little, beady, black eyes then appeared at the brink of the grave.

"He is in there," said one of the boys.

He spoke in a dull, muffled voice. Hector thought that this was on account of the headgear. He was to know better by and by.

"Yes, yes!" cried the man, looking down. "There he is. Well, Herbert, you have made a nice mess of it. Got your clothes all wet, run the risk of pneumonia, turned everything upside down. Ha! I understand! You dodged your drink, but I'll fix you, young man."

"He takes me for Herbert," thought Hector.

"What am I up against? I'll hold my tongue and let them do as they like. Perhaps he will take me to where poor Herbert is."

It was a brave resolve, considering how terribly frightened the boy was; but he felt willing to run any risk, even that of death itself, to be brought face to face with his brother again.

"Catch hold here!" cried the man, bending down and extending his hand. "I'll soon get you out of that."

His grip was like steel, and he had Hector out of the grave in an instant.

"Hold him, boys!" he exclaimed, and one of the white-robed figures seized hold of Hector on each side, and he was hurried along among the graves.

Following out his determination, Hector never uttered a word, and no one spoke a word to him until they reached the small octagonal building which stood half hidden among the trees at the Glendale gate.

"Here we are at the gatehouse," said the man. "There's your prison, Herbert Howard. You won't escape again."

He threw open a door, and the two white-robed clutched Hector with a grip so firm that to pull away from them would have been next to impossible hustled him into the house. The others followed, and the door was closed with a bang.

They were now all in the dark. The same silly laugh rang out, sending a chill to Hector's heart.

"What place is this? What are you bringing me in here for?" he demanded, shaken in his resolution at last. "It's all a mistake. I—"

He got no further.

Suddenly he was seized by the throat with such a grip that all power of speech left him, and he could only open his mouth and gasp.

This was evidently just what was wanted, for all in an instant his head was pulled back, and some one poured a strange-tasting liquor into his mouth.

The grip was relaxed at the same instant. Hector choked and strangled, but he could not help swallowing.

Strange sensations came to him then.

It seemed as if he was on fire from head to foot.

This subsided in a moment, and a singular calm came to him.

He began to laugh in the same silly way that he had heard the white-robed figures laugh at the open grave; all recollection of the past left him. He put out his hands and began groping about in the darkness, laughing all the while.

"This way!" exclaimed the man, seizing his hand. A door was thrown open then, and Hector was led into a sizable room octagonal in shape, like the building.

There were two long tables in the room, one in the middle of the floor and one against the wall.

On the middle table lay the body of Mr. Zollman, on the other various surgical instruments were carefully laid out. There was a sink in one corner and a fire in a small stove. Two men sat by the fire, one of whom was Van Slyk, while the other was a stout foreign-looking person with an immense head of bushy hair. They were talking together in a language which Hector could not understand.

Now, all this Hector saw and understood in a dim, misty sort of way, much as one sees things in a dream.

"I've got him, Doctor," said Hector's conductor. "Hub! He made a great run for it, and wound up by tumbling into an open grave which had been dug for a funeral to-morrow."

"Ha!" said the hairy man, rising. "He is not under full control yet. Have you given him his dose?"

"Yes."

"Good! I'll fix him. We won't try to use him to-night. He isn't far enough advanced for that yet. Boy, come here!"

He raised both hands and began making passes before Hector's face.

It was impossible to resist the influence. In a moment Hector was perfectly hypnotized and the slave of this mysterious doctor, ready to do his bidding, no matter what it might be, and yet in a certain way he knew all that was going on.

The doctor ordered him about for a moment, just to try him apparently, and then told him to go and sit down.

"We must get to business now," he said. "Van, you feel sure that the old man swallowed the diamond? Of course we can easily prove it; but I have so many experiments that I am anxious to try that I don't feel like wasting even one evening on that infernal stone."

"I'm sure he did," replied the diamond cutter. "He said as much. You see, he was ruined. He was completely in Fox's power. He wanted to use the price of that diamond to put him on his feet again. I firmly believe he swallowed it and meant to give himself an emetic and throw it up."

"I doubt it," said the doctor. "What do you think, Hans?"

"I rest upon my brother's judgment," replied the bearded man. "I'm not in this business except to do as I'm told."

"But what became of the other gems?" continued the doctor. "He could not have swallowed them all."

"If you want my opinion," replied Van

Slyk, "I think he had some secret hiding place in the sanctum, where he concealed them, meaning to appropriate those, too. It was a deep laid plot on his part, Doctor. He meant to get out of Fox's clutches, and I believe he would have succeeded if death had not overtaken him as it did."

"Well, we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "Strange that those who performed the post-mortem should not have examined the stomach while they were about it."

"The autopsy was performed by two young students from Bellevue," replied Van Slyk, the diamond cutter, who was evidently the brother of the bearded man. "The coroner's orders were merely to examine the condition of the lungs, and they rested at that."

And their condition was such as to cause death?"

"That was their report."

"Ha! That is the way with your American surgeons. Nothing thorough—nothing thorough; but we must get to work."

"Do you do it yourself, Doctor, or are you going to leave it to the boys?" asked Hans.

"Leave it to the boys. Why should I soil my hands when I have slaves to do the work for me? In their hypnotized state, aided by the influence of a drug known only to myself, these boys can do no other-wise than to carry out my will. Every thought which passes from my brain enters their brains. They are obliged to do as I will them to do, and they can no more blunder than I would myself. Hans, bring them in."

A door at the side of the room was thrown open, and the four white-robed figures entered.

The doctor waved his hand, and immediately all four pulled off the robes, revealing four bright, intelligent-looking young men.

All stood with their eyes fixed upon him, and their eyes were dull and lifeless looking.

There they stood, four bodies without brains, slaves to the doctor's intelligence.

Hector gazed dully at them, realizing that his condition was the same, and he was powerless to change it.

In a faint, uncertain way, he tried to force himself to rise, but all power of independent action seemed to have left him. He could only sit where he was and stare.

"Now, then, gentlemen, we are ready for business," exclaimed the doctor, rubbing his hands together. "If the big blue diamond is actually in old Zollman's stomach we shall have it out."

CHAPTER XII.

DREAMS.

Old Blinker did not get a chance to talk with Herbert until the next day, and then a whole flood of new light was thrown upon the mysterious case on which he was engaged.

During the remainder of the ride the detective merely tried to quiet the boy, and Herbert soon fell into a troubled sleep.

At the Brooklyn Bridge the detective took a cab and was driven with Herbert to a hotel not far from 14th Street.

Here he saw the boy in bed, and remained about the hotel, snatching a little sleep himself, until after one o'clock, when, to his great satisfaction, Herbert awoke clear-headed enough and full of curiosity to know where he was and how he came to be with the detective, for of all that had happened in the cemetery he could remember nothing at all.

This was a great disappointment to Old Blinker.

He tried the boy in every way, but it was all of no use.

Meanwhile, Old Blinker had not forgotten Hector, but by telephone had ordered one of his most careful assistants to the cemetery to see what could be learned of his fate.

Seated at the dinner table in the hotel restaurant at about two o'clock, Old Blinker got down to business with Herbert.

"You understand now the danger you are in, young man," he said. "If it was known that you were Herbert and not Hector Howard you would at once be arrested. Fortunately for yourself, you are in my hands, and I believe you are innocent. Now, for what you have to tell about this mysterious business, let it be a matter of question and answer. That is the best way. We will take it up when Mr. Zollman rang the bell in the sanctum; you answered it. What was the condition of affairs when you entered the room?"

"Before I begin," said Herbert, "I want you to answer a question for me. You say you are a detective. Am I under arrest now?"

"Not precisely."

"Am I to be arrested?"

"That depends."

"Well, I am ready for anything that comes. I am in a very strange position. I would have told you all I have to tell long ago but you wouldn't let me. I—"

"Enough of that," broke in Old Blinker warningly. "Answer my question, please. We will fight the rest out later on."

"Well, then, when I entered the room I

found Mr. Zollman half dead in his chair. 'I've been raising blood, Herbert,' he said faintly. 'I think I am dying. I have been unconscious. I've been robbed, and Van Slyk is the thief.'

"Ah!" exclaimed Old Blinker, waggling his green glasses. "Light dawns upon the mystery. Did he really say that?"

"He did."

"What next?"

"He pointed to the empty trays, and said: 'Follow him, Herbert. He has just left. He has taken everything. You are strong. Tackle him. Make him give up.'

"And you did it?"

"Well, I was over that bridge and into Van Slyk's office like lightning," replied Herbert, "but there my story ends."

"Ends? How do you mean? Was Van Slyk there?"

"Was he? Well, I guess he was! He was pawing over the stolen gems when I rushed in. 'What have you done?' I shouted. 'None of your business, but this is what I am going to do!' he answered, and before I knew what was coming he had me by the throat and was choking the life out of me."

"And what did you do?"

"Fought him all I know how."

"And then?"

"There was no then. From that time until I found myself in the trolley car with you last night and told you that I was Herbert Howard I remember nothing at all."

"Strange, very strange," mused the detective. "The strangest piece of business I ever heard."

"It is true, however. One thing I did not tell you. There was a man in the office with Van Slyk."

"Ha! Who was he?"

"I don't know. He looked something like Van Slyk, and had a big brown beard. 'Did he do anything to you?'"

"No."

"What was he doing when you first saw him?"

"Looking over the stolen gems with Van Slyk."

"You did not see the big blue diamond among the gems? You would have mentioned it if you had."

"No, I did not see it. It was not there."

"You are sure?"

"Yes."

"Yet you must have been greatly excited at the time."

"I was, of course, but I looked particularly. You see, the big blue diamond was uppermost in my mind."

"Yes, yes," said Old Blinker. "Strange."

"Now, that is all I have to tell," said Herbert, "and after dinner I want to see my brother. I want—"

"Wait. You must do as I want, young man. You cannot see your brother just yet. To get back to the cemetery, you still declare that you have no recollection of being there."

"None whatever."

"From the time Van Slyk choked you can you remember nothing? Think. Try. It is of the utmost importance. Your brother's fate as well as your own may hinge upon what you can recollect."

"There is nothing but dreams. I remember dreaming, but that is all."

"Ha! Now we are coming to it!" cried Old Blinker, his glasses waggling violently. "About those dreams?"

"Why, I dreamed, for one thing, that I was in a dissecting room watching a lot of boys cut up a dead body. What sense is there in that?"

"More than you may think for. This is what I want. Go on!"

"There was a man with a big head of hair directing them. He did not speak, but just waved his hands at the boys. I can see him now. He waved his hands at me, too. I was dreadfully afraid of him."

"Stop! You can see his face in your mind's eye now?"

"His hair stood up all over his head in front?"

"Yes."

"He had a big nose—very red?"

"Yes."

"And a large wart alongside of the nose on the left?"

"Yes, yes! Now that you speak of it, I did dream that he had a wart there!"

"Dreams nothing!" cried Old Blinker, bringing his hand down on the table with a bang which made the dishes rattle. "What else did you dream?"

"That I was so frightened that I ran away out of the dissecting room, and was chased by a lot of ghosts. Now isn't that mere nonsense? I'll leave it to you?"

"Nonsense nothing!" cried Old Blinker, banging the table again. "Herbert Howard, we must act—act quick, for if your brother has not fallen into the clutches of the notorious Dr. Braunlich then I'm a ghost!"

CHAPTER XIII.

LAWYER FOX TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME.

From the time they were little boys the Howard twins always made a point of dressing alike.

This was the reason why neither the Van Slyks nor the doctor had the faintest suspicion that the boy who sat in the corner

was not the same one who had escaped from that room a short time before.

Neither did they realize that they had altogether a different person to deal with. Herbert was nervous and excitable, while Hector under most circumstances was cool and collected.

Thus, while Herbert was a good subject for hypnotism Hector was a very bad one.

Already the influence was beginning to wear away, and his senses were returning, for it was one of the peculiarities of the drug which had been given him that one had to take it into the system several times before getting its full effect.

Thus Hector, in a general way, knew what was going on around him, and he was amazed and deeply interested in what he saw.

The four boys started at work on the body of Mr. Zollman just like old hands in the dissecting room.

The clothes were removed, and the body prepared for the operation.

This was performed by the boys as skillfully as if they had been regularly educated surgeons, which they were not.

The doctor simply stood over them making occasional passes with his hands.

Not a word was spoken. The orders were all given by the doctor mentally.

It was a most wonderful illustration of what can be done by hypnotism at the hands of an expert.

Hector, who sat watching, had sense enough to know all this.

We do not propose to describe the details of the operation, for they have nothing to do with our story.

At last the stomach was removed and laid before the doctor.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "The rest I will do myself. Leave us, boys."

Without a word the surgeon's four slaves filed out of the room.

"Doesn't Herbert go, too?" asked Van Slyk's brother.

"No; let him stay. I'm watching the workings of the drug on him. He's sound asleep, and has no more idea of what is going on than the table leg. There is nothing to fear from him," the doctor replied.

Hector sat with his eyes lowered and half shut, perfectly motionless.

He wanted them to think him asleep. In reality he knew all that was going on, and what was worrying him most was the thought that his brother in a drugged and hypnotized condition was probably wandering about the graveyard, and would perhaps get his death from exposure before morning came.

"Now, to prove this theory of yours, Van Slyk!" cried the doctor. "If Zollman swallowed the diamond we shall know it in a moment."

He picked up the stomach with a pair of small silver tongs and washed it thoroughly at the sink.

Then drawing on a pair of rubber gloves he cut it open with one sweep of the knife. The two Van Slyks crowded close to him, watching eagerly.

"Not here!" cried the doctor, dextrously turning the stomach inside out. "It is as near empty as it can possibly be."

Van Slyk, the diamond cutter, gave an exclamation of rage.

"Where in thunder did it go to, then?" he exclaimed.

"Don't ask me," he said. "It probably went the way of the other gems. Do you know what way that was?"

"Do I? Of course I don't. Why do you ask that question? Do you consider me a thief?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the doctor. "Certainly not. However, it is none of my affair. I am done, and must go home now."

"Are you not going to do any of your usual work to-night?" asked Brother Van Slyk.

"No; I don't care to cut up old Zollman. I knew him well, and liked him. I don't practice on my friends."

"Since when have you been so particular?" was the reply. "I thought you would cut up your own brother if it served your purpose."

"No," said the doctor coldly. "No; I am not that kind. Now, look here, I don't want to have anything more to do with this diamond business. As a favor to you I consented to it. To-morrow we go on with regular work. Anything doing?"

"Yes; there are two funerals down for to-morrow—a woman and a little boy."

"I don't want the boy. You may have the woman here at midnight. Get my carriage, Van. You'll put poor Old Zollman back to-night, I suppose?"

"Just as soon as you are gone."

"Good! Mr. Van Slyk, do you want to ride to New York with me? You can if you wish."

"No, I shall stay and help my brother," replied the diamond cutter coldly.

All left the room then.

After a few minutes the sound of wheels was heard outside, and then the brothers came back.

The diamond cutter was swearing horribly.

"What can have become of the diamond?" he was saying. "I was sure he swallowed it. He told me he was going to do it three days before it arrived. It was all arranged in his mind. I tried to talk him out of the idea, but he wouldn't listen. I think he was crazy. I—"

"Matt, do you know what I think?" broke in his brother suddenly.

"No. What?"

"That—"

Hector was listening eagerly, but what Brother Van Slyk thought he never knew, for just then there came a knock on the door.

"Some other time," whispered Brother Van Slyk, and he opened the door to admit two grave diggers, and the conversation was not resumed.

"There it is, boys. Get it back as quick as you can," was the order.

The men went to work silently, and in a way which showed that they understood their business.

The corpse was hurriedly dressed and restored to the coffin, which was brought in from outside.

The coffin was then put in its box and screwed down.

Assisted by the Van Slyks, the box was carried from the room, and a little later a cart was heard moving away from the door.

"Now is my time," thought Hector. "I never will get a better chance, for they have all gone to the grave."

He got up and staggered into the hall.

As long as he sat still he had been all right, but now that he got on his feet he grew so dizzy that he could scarcely stand.

"What am I to do? I can never get away," he panted, "and yet I must! I must! I must!"

He staggered through the hall, and opened the outer door.

The cool night wind struck his face, and helped to revive him.

Passing out from among the spruce trees which surrounded the gatehouse he hurried along the gravel walk toward the cemetery gate.

He had scarcely reached it when the sound of wheels outside startled him.

Some vehicle was being rapidly driven toward the gate along the road.

"Some one is coming! I haven't a moment to spare!" he muttered. "Oh, if I was only on the other side."

He shook the gate, but found it fast.

There was nothing for it but to climb the fence, and this he undertook to do.

It was a fatal move.

As he sprang up and tried to clutch the top of the high palings everything went whirling about him, and the next he knew he found himself lying flat on his back with three men bending over him.

They were the two Van Slyks and another, and that other he saw by the light of the lantern which Brother Van Slyk held was the lawyer Martin Fox.

"You are mistaken," he was saying.

"Much as these two boys look alike, I can tell them apart. This is not Herbert, it is Hector. You have allowed Herbert to escape and carry with him the secrets of this place."

"I tell you it is impossible!" cried Brother Van Slyk.

"And I tell you it is true," replied the lawyer. "You should have killed him while you had the chance. You must kill this one now. Listen to me, Van Slyk—you, Mathias Van Slyk, I mean—if you want me to fulfill my promise and help you to succeed to Mr. Zollman's share in the business you must do your part. It is of the utmost importance that both the Howard boys should die!"

CHAPTER XIV.

DISCOVERIES AT VAN SLYK'S.

"It seems to me," said Herbert to Old Blinker, "that the first thing to do is to arrest Van Slyk."

"Yes, if we can get our hands on him," replied the detective.

"What's to hinder? Probably he will be in his office to-morrow, if he is not there now."

"Not on your life! And don't you think it. Now that you have escaped, and of course he knows it, I am willing to wager big money that Van Slyk will be very careful how he returns to his office again, but all the same the attempt must be made. It is only three o'clock. Suppose we go there now?"

"I am ready for anything, but after what you tell me about this Doctor Braunlich I feel so worried about Hector. Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing more than I have done until night. We shall then have the report of my assistant, and shall know how to act."

"And you propose what?"

"That you and I go at once to Van Slyk's."

"But about Hector?"

"I propose to find him, and to rescue him from the doctor's clutches, if he is still alive."

"It is no use asking you questions, Mr. Blinker, I see that."

"On the contrary, you may ask me as many questions as you wish. If my answers don't suit I am sorry. Come, let us go."

So Old Blinker and Herbert took the electric car down Broadway, getting off at John Street, where something occurred, even before they reached the building to which they were bound.

John Street is decidedly narrow, and as

there happened to be a good many people going up and down Old Blinker went ahead and Herbert behind.

They had advanced but a few yards from Broadway, when a lady, plainly dressed and wearing a heavy veil, who was coming in the opposite direction suddenly stopped and extended her hand to Herbert.

"Oh, Mr. Howard! We meet again!" she exclaimed. "I am so glad! I wanted to see you so much. I have been wondering ever since last night where I could address you, and—oh, we can't talk here!"

"Miss Arundel!" gasped Herbert, as she threw back her veil for an instant, disclosing her face, and then dropping the veil again.

"She takes me for Hector," thought Herbert. "Of course she did not see me last night. What does this mean?"

He looked around, for Old Blinker, but the detective had disappeared.

"Miss Arundel, if there is anything I can do for you I shall be most happy—" Herbert began, when the girl suddenly interrupted him, saying:

"Has anything been heard of your brother?"

"No," replied Herbert.

"It is terrible. I—I feel—I feel very badly about it. I should like to help you. That is why I gave you the money. Use it in hiring a detective. You shall have as much more as you need. Give me your address. Here is my card."

"You are very kind," murmured Herbert, both surprised and embarrassed. He would certainly have owned to his identity, had not the detective cautioned him upon no account to do anything of the sort to any one until he gave the word.

"Don't hesitate to ask me for what money you need," continued Miss Arundel, as Herbert handed her the slip from his memorandum book upon which he had hastily scrawled the number of the 23d Street house. "Good-by! You shall hear from me again!"

She swept past Herbert, and was around the corner in an instant, when Old Blinker slipped out from a doorway, and quietly remarked:

"Miss Arundel?"

"Yes."

"She took you for your brother?"

"Yes, did you hear?"

"I heard nothing. I only watched. What did she want?"

"To help find me. She spoke of money she had given to Hector, and offered more."

"She gave him a hundred dollars at Mr. Zollman's funeral yesterday."

"She did?"

"Yes; and now she offers more?"

"Yes. She wants to have a detective hired to find me. She is certainly very kind."

"Very," replied Old Blinker, waggling his green glasses. "She gave you her card. Let me see it, please."

Herbert handed over the card.

"Huh! Rather a shabby card for a multi-millionaire's daughter," muttered the detective. "Soiled. Something written on the back. What's this? 'Van Slyk, No. — John Street. Queer! Well, I suppose it was the last one she had, but why should she make a note of Van Slyk's address?'"

"Oh, there is nothing strange about that," said Herbert. "I suppose she wanted him to do some gem cutting for her. Miss Arundel has a perfect mania for collecting unset gems. We used to often have them recut for her, and Van Slyk always did the work. Now that our place is closed I suppose she thought she would look up the man herself."

"Just so," replied Old Blinker. "Make a note of the address, Herbert. I want to keep this card."

This was done, and they went on to the diamond cutter's office.

As Old Blinker had predicted, the door was locked, and repeated knockings brought no response.

"Just as I said," muttered Old Blinker. "Well, Brother Van Slyk, since you can't let us in we must walk in of ourselves."

As it happened, the other offices on this floor were vacant, so there was no one to interfere with any move the detective desired to make.

Old Blinker put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a bunch of skeleton keys, trying them in the lock with great rapidity.

In a moment the door flew back, and they slipped in.

"Good enough!" muttered Old Blinker, carefully shutting the door. "This is our chance. Hello! What's all this mail? We will take that in first."

There were several letters lying on the floor, which had been dropped through the slit in the door.

Without the least hesitation Old Blinker proceeded to open them.

"He evidently hasn't been here to-day," remarked Herbert.

"No."

"Can he have taken the alarm?"

"You may be sure of it. He has learned of your escape. He will be very careful how he comes here again."

Old Blinker was reading the letters while he talked, and Herbert, not wishing to interrupt him, began walking about the familiar room.

Suddenly he made a dive down upon the floor, exclaiming:

"By gracious, I've got a prize!"

"So have I," said Old Blinker. "What's yours?"

"Look!"

"Ha! A fine ruby. Worth at least a hundred dollars!"

"Yes; and one of the stolen gems. He must have dropped it."

"Exactly; but can you identify it?"

"Yes, I can positively swear to it as part of the stock in the ruby tray which I took in to Mr. Zollman."

"Good! A valuable discovery. I'll take charge of it. We may need it for evidence. Now, look here. What do you make of this?"

Old Blinker handed Herbert one of the letters.

It was in a plain white envelope, bearing neither postmark nor stamp.

The letter which it enclosed had been hastily written in pencil in a lady's hand, and read as follows:

"The writer desires particularly to see Mr. Van Slyk on a business matter, and has called unsuccessfully several times. It will pay Mr. Van Slyk to meet her. Please name a time when he can be seen here or elsewhere. Address Miss J. J. Vans, General Delivery, N. Y. P. O."

"Well, what do you make of it?" asked Old Blinker.

"Nothing. I don't see that it concerns us, anyway."

"No?"

"No."

"I see it differently. I regard it as a most important discovery."

"Why?"

"That I shan't tell you yet. I shall answer the letter, though."

Old Blinker now produced a small cold chisel, and deliberately pried up the lid of the diamond cutter's desk.

"I wish I could open the safe as easy," he remarked. "Now, what have we here?"

He opened every drawer in the desk, and prowled through every pigeon hole.

"Nothing doing," he muttered. "Now to answer Miss Vans."

Sitting down at the desk, he scrawled upon one of Van Slyk's letter heads:

"Mr. Van Slyk's compliments to Miss Vans, and he desires to say that he will be pleased to meet her at his office to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

This he sealed and stamped and posted it in the corner letter box when he and Herbert went downstairs.

"It is my opinion that we have done a good afternoon's work, Herbert," he remarked. "Return to your room now, and get some sleep. Expect me at about ten o'clock."

"And then?" asked Herbert.

"And then we shall find your brother if we can."

They parted at the corner, Herbert taking the car for 23d Street, and Old Blinker going on downtown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"How to Hypnotize" is a new Ten Cent Book just issued. See 8th page.

Cute Ways of the Flying Squirrel.

The flying squirrel, when the chilly night and dead leaves herald the coming winter, doesn't wonder what his coal bill will be, or how high potatoes will go when Jack Frost makes his appearance to stay. For these pretty, gentle little creatures will just build a nest of leaves and soft bark, a little later in the fall, and in it they will sleep all winter long, without a thought of fuel, rent or groceries. The nest may be on a branch, but is more likely to be in a hole in a dead tree. A woodpecker's summer cottage is just the thing. In some such place the young squirrels are born in the early spring, blind and naked. In a few days they can cling to a branch, although their eyes do not open for a month. First their whiskers grow, then their fur. They frisk around with their mother for several months, getting a good squirrel education, but in the fall they say good-by and build their own winter nests.

Provided the woodland athletic animals had an athletic meet, the flying squirrel would surely win the long jump, for his record is something more than fifty feet.

As he jumps he holds his limbs wide-spread, and the skin on each of his sides, which is fastened to his ankle and wrist, is stretched out into a broad sheet, so that he sails through the air.

From the top of the tree he starts and always passes the place he is bound for, landing lower down on the tree.

Another New Story will commence in No. 391. Title next week.

Watch Winners.

The following are the names and addresses of the 250 winners in our Solid Gold Filled Watch Contest, that commenced in "Happy Days" No. 372 and ended in No. 383.

The watches will be sent to the winners as soon as we hear from them, stating whether they want Ladies' or Gentlemen's size.

Name and Address.	No. of Coupons.
John Jones, 1341 S. Hick st., Philadelphia, Pa.	277
E. Forrest, 1027 W. Montgomery av., Philadelphia, Pa.	277
M. Fay, care of Stillman, 849 W. 24th st., N. Y. City	211
F. P. Menz, 631 E. 9th st., Erie, Pa.	103
Daniel Kuhn, Jr., 743 E. 11th st., Erie, Pa.	103
Mrs. Jno. W. Hirsch, 117 E. Cross st., Baltimore, Md.	101
Myer Glaser, 89 Prince st., Boston, Mass.	158
John Zimmerman, 200 Kingsland av., Brooklyn, N. Y.	156
Matthew Lindsay, 623 Greenwich st., N. Y. City	150
Geo. Walker, 140 Essex st., N. Y. City	141
S. Wentworth, 3183 21st st., San Francisco, Cal.	135
Frank Phillips, Cicero, Ind.	132
Adam E. Herrmann, 156 Montgomery st., Jersey City, N. J.	132
Jas. T. Pumphrey, Sta. C. St. Joseph, Mo.	132
Geo. Beneviento, Box 588, Wilmerding, Pa.	128
Roy M. Garabrant, 108 16th av., Paterson, N. J.	125
L. Van Steenburg, Williamstown, Mass.	122
Howard Ropp, 126 S. Howard av., York, Pa.	121
Harry R. Coughlin, Box 428, Wilmerding, Pa.	116
Charley Hammer, 408 Pacific st., Franklin, Pa.	116
John F. Nagengast, 408 Pacific st., Franklin, Pa.	116
Andrew A. Montag, 1338 W. Norwegian st., Portsville, Pa.	115
Lester Wilkinson, 128 S. W. st., Indianapolis, Ind.	112
Jacob Forst, Harbor Road, New Castle, Pa.	108
Wm. J. Mutz, 5 Hoffman Pl., N. Buffalo, N. Y.	107
Martin Peltier, 52 Old Town Road, Cumberland, Md.	106
Geo. C. Taylor, 34 Vandam st., N. Y. City	104
Mrs. M. B. Kelley, 405 E. 2d st., Wilmington, Del.	104
Wm. Taylor, 4308 Aspen st., Philadelphia, Pa.	103
Mrs. Wm. H. Swier, Jr., Royerford, Pa.	102
F. E. Van DeMark, 110 Columbia av., New Haven, Conn.	101
Frank Stauffer, 103 S. Main st., Chambersburg, Pa.	100
Geo. Logue, 414 Kenmaur av., Rankin, Pa.	100
Frank Russell, 24 Lake st., Worcester, Mass.	100
Mrs. May Dunham, 118 Washington Pl., Passaic, N. J.	100
Miss Lottie E. Ford, 1116 E. 12th st., Wilmington, Del.	100
Edw. Hempel, Geneva, Providence, R. I.	99
Benj. Reed, 108 N. Schroder st., Baltimore, Md.	96
Robt. Mann, 197 Larkin st., Buffalo, N. Y.	93
Mrs. Annie Guile, 1 Upland st., Worcester, Mass.	92
David Johnston, 152 W. 26th st., Paterson, N. J.	92
Thos. Bender, 126 Brown st., Philadelphia, Pa.	90
C. B. Goldy, 303 Market st., Williamsport, Pa.	86
Wm. Good, 316 Lehigh st., Lebanon, Pa.	86
C. Guy Stevens, Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Passaic, N. J.	86
Edward Bergbauer, 136 Green st., Philadelphia, Pa.	85
Chas. Blake, 169 Van Buren st., Passaic, N. J.	85
A. Peltzinger, 2372 Haddock st., Cleveland, Ohio	84
Jas. Wheeler, 2829 Kensington av., Philadelphia, Pa.	82
J. Boyce, 2032 N. 4th st., Philadelphia, Pa.	81
Mrs. John Sutherland, 289 Oak st., Passaic, N. J.	80
Miss Bridget Murray, 368 Oak st., Passaic, N. J.	80
Tiey Bird, 9 Beech st., Passaic, N. J.	80
E. Fred Kuhlmann, Arnold, Pa.	80
Geo. P. Clark, 135 Main st., Phoenixville, Pa.	80
Thos. F. Dale, 318 S. Claymont st., Wilmington, Del.	80
Leona Pariser, 51 Sheriff st., N. Y. City	78
Leonora McKluney, 2344 Wallace st., Philadelphia, Pa.	78
David Gibson, 342 Montgomery st., Passaic, N. J.	78
Alfred Bachand, 14 Howard st., Providence, R. I.	77
Miss Rose Kroha, 20 2d av., Danbury, Conn.	77
Miss Jessie Sandwell, 1195 Elm st., Manchester, N. H.	76
Samuel T. Eaton, Box 24, S. Seabrook, N. H.	76
J. W. Raymond, Cincinnati, O.	76
Ernest Vaughn, Box 37, St. Albans, Vt.	75
Minnie Sullivan, 218 Walnut st., Camden, N. J.	74
Jos. Henderson, 929 S. 13th st., Philadelphia, Pa.	73
J. W. Jacobs, 127 Seneca st., Buffalo, N. Y.	73
Frank Hall, 127 Columbia, Pa.	73
Lewis R. Dertbaugh, Box 536, Frederick, Md.	73
Mrs. Hettie Hullivan, 114 Main st., New London, Conn.	72
Miss Orlia Burkhardt, 1026 N. Rock st., Shamokin, Pa.	72
H. P. Light, 301 Braddock av., Rankin, Pa.	72
Chas. Brooks, 92 Clinton st., Paterson, N. J.	71
Archie Sherer, 43 Louisa st., Dayton, O.	71
Mrs. Susan M. Lyon, 6 Golden st., New London, Conn.	70
Mrs. Rose Lyon, 113 Main st., New London, Conn.	70
Helen G. Henderson, 929 S. 13th st., Philadelphia, Pa.	69
Earl Sixt, 185 Hamilton av., Paterson, N. J.	69
Mrs. Katie Bowman, 1856 E. Lippincott st., Philadelphia, Pa.	69
Miss Bertha Arnold, 131 S. 2d st., Lebanon, Pa.	69
Thos. F. Delaney, 413 West st., N. Y. City	69
Jos. Murray, 615 Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.	68
Daniel McGill, 1706 E. Carpenter st., Springfield, Ill.	68
Merle Wallick, Wrightsville, Pa.	68
A. L. Sewall, 12 Gay st., Rockland, Me.	67
Miss Susanna Misson, 210 E. Indiana av., Philadelphia, Pa.	67
Frank McAnally, 6007 Greenway av., W. Philadelphia, Pa.	66
P. J. Gruber, Plymouth, Ind.	66
Miss Agnes Gorse, Box 62, N. Westport, Mass.	66
G. H. Battams, 105 State st., Auburn, N. Y.	65
Jas. J. Scott, 4331 Lackawanna st., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.	64
Harold White, 528 Lawrence st., Allentown, Pa.	64
Christopher Smith, 613 Main st., Paterson, N. J.	64

Name and Address.	No. of Coupons.
Jno. H. Klingler, Coplay, Pa.	64
Wm. McGown, 269 Webster av., Jersey City Heights, N. J.	64
Bert Helmer, 536 Lake st., Herkimer, N. Y.	64
Thos. F. Walsh, 908 Monsey av., Scranton, Pa.	64
Ambrose Liller, 342 22d st., Bellaire, O.	63
Jas. McFeely, 103 Logan st., Steubenville, O.	63
Miss T. E. Elliott, 232 Monitor st., Brooklyn, N. Y.	62
Miss E. Pearl Warren, 11 Sturges st., Binghamton, N. Y.	62
Miss E. Barkley, 137 Washington av., Pittsburgh, Pa.	62
Edgar S. Foster, 250 Nassau av., Brooklyn, N. Y.	61
E. Schwartz, 25 McKinstry st., Cleveland, Ohio	61
Edw. Dischner, 3939 Howley av., Pittsburgh, Pa.	61
Geo. Leyh, 16 Treyer st., Rochester, N. Y.	61
Lyman Rehm, North Main st., Chambersburg, Pa.	60
Benj. F. Hibner, 3 E. Charles st., York, Pa.	60
Leonard Hobbel, 70 6th av., Paterson, N. J.	60
Edw. Shannon, 125 Linden st., Allentown, Pa.	60
Louis Wagner, 1713 1st st., Pittsburgh, Pa.	59
G. L. Daubner, 625 South st., Elizabeth, N. J.	59
Edw. H. Obert, 122 1-2 Camden st., Newark, N. J.	58
Robert Ludlum, Silver Mine, R. F. D., Norwalk, Conn.	58
Wm. Hooper, 26 Huntress st., W. Manchester, N. H.	58
Clark Rigby, New Castle, Pa.	57
Wm. R. Smith, 525 2d st., Fall River, Mass.	57
S. R. Bertrand, 79 2d st., Albany, N. Y.	57
F. B. Kirby, 227 Arnold st., New Bedford, Mass.	56
Chas. J. Bruno, 8 Main st., Paterson, N. J.	56
F. A. Salkowitz, 3 Temple st., Paterson, N. J.	56
Geo. Allison, 21 Pearl st., Boston, Mass.	56
Miss M. J. Barnett, 4th st., Rankin, Pa.	56
D. G. Geiger, 413 E. 9th st., N. Y. City	55
Cecil Le Fure, Hanover, Pa.	55
Mrs. M. E. Murph, Atwaters, N. Y.	55
L. W. Klappich, 422 Manhattan Road, Toledo, O.	55
J. W. Conklin, Box 80, Essex, Conn.	53
Archibald Douglass, 33 Maple av., Wallingford, N. Y.	53
C. E. Baker, New Baltimore, Mich.	53
W. La Marche, 32 Congress st., Cohoes, N. Y.	53
Thos. Keyes, 54 Alder st., Waterbury, Conn.	52
Chas. H. Christman, E. Allentown, Pa.	52
T. Jobe, 59 Seneca st., Paterson, N. J.	51
Elmer Eck, 342 W. Huron st., Chicago, Ill.	51
J. Thos. Briggs, Centre Sq., York, Pa.	51
Wm. Bertrand, 79 2d st., Albany, N. Y.	51
Harold Provost, 1641 Main st., Bridgeport, Conn.	51
E. B. Neff, 345 Beaver st., Lancaster, Pa.	51
W. C. Day, 115 Calhoun st., Trenton, N. J.	50
Chas. Gilpin, 112 W. Noble st., Columbus, O.	50
Lena Hardt, care of Mrs. Schaul, Box 22, Wyandott, Mo.	50
John H. Bertrand, 79 2d st., Albany, N. Y.	50
Walter Branding, 263 Mohawk st., Chicago, Ill.	50
Mrs. M. Knight, 494 Waverly av., Cleveland, Ohio	50
Jno. McGlaulin, Box 247, Dover, N. H.	50
Alex. D. McKee, Mesaba, Minn.	50
Chas. F. Newkirk, 50 North st., Middletown, N. Y.	49
Agnes Baker, 7 Suburban av., Waverly, Baltimore, Md.	48
Wm. L. Kyle, 3963 Warren st., W. Philadelphia, Pa.	48
Bert Watkins, 315 Wood st., Vineland, N. J.	46
Cecilia Wolpert, 452 W. Vine st., Lancaster, Pa.	46
H. S. Garsard, Madisonville, Ky.	46
Miss Maggie Kermack, 269 Oak st., Passaic, N. J.	46
Ed. Timmons, A. L. Shops, Florence, S. C.	46
Malin Stittler, West Conshohocken, Pa.	45
Annie M. Hensley, 872 N. Queen st., Lancaster, Pa.	45
Jos. Van Buskirk, 632 Pittston av., Scranton, Pa.	43
C. E. Oldham, 4350 1-2 Easton av., St. Louis, Mo.	43
C. R. Smith, Charlestown, Jeff. Co., W. Va.	42
Percy L. Hall, 12th st., Columbia, Pa.	42
Jas. Holder, 342 W. McClain av., Butler, Pa.	42
T. Watson, 1325 E. Dayton st., Madison, Wis.	42
E. G. Rudiger, 1611 E. Madison st., Baltimore, Md.	42
E. W. Begor, Wendell Depot, Mass.	42
Frank Pine, 44 Broad st., Philadelphia, Pa.	41
Herbert Barbour, Box 270, Westbrook, Me.	41
Chris Oelschlegel, 4758 Richmond st., Bridesburg, Philadelphia, Pa.	41
Ellas B. Howell, 9 E. Fulton st., Johnstown, N. Y.	41
Jno. Taylor, (rear) 5026 Dearborn st., Pittsburgh, Pa.	41
Theo. Canser, 507 S. Fairview st., Lock Haven, Pa.	40
J. H. Artz, Red Hook, Dutchess Co., N. Y.	40
Louis Gerlach, Westport, Baltimore Co., Md.	40
Miss Lena D. Carlin, Box 402, Lisbon, O.	40
G. J. Brown, Apponaug, R. I.	39
Jas. Taggart, Claymont and Lobdell sts., S. Wilmington, Del.	38
Jos. Berryman, 616 Belgrade st., Philadelphia, Pa.	38
Mrs. Nellie Spencer, 617 Seymour st., Syracuse, N. Y.	37
Harley Knox, Glen Roy, O.	37
Ed C. Baird, Be. Vernon, Pa.	36
C. A. Sawyer, Sun Prairie, Wis.	36
Jno. F. Gibson, 429 Market st., Oxford, Pa.	36
Geo. Hakless, Jr., 218 Liberty st., Franklin, Pa.	36
Thos. Rainsburger, 160 Poplar st., Philadelphia, Pa.	35
Wm. J. Palecek, 511 5th st., N. Y. City	35
Wm. De Ford, 1707 N. Bodine st., Philadelphia, Pa.	35
Fred Hildebrandt, 223 Osage st., Leavenworth, Kan.	34
Edw. Moore, Box 445, Myrtle, Iowa.	34
Mrs. Walker, Box 156, Latonia, Ky.	33
W. J. Freeland, Bloomfield, Ind.	33
Henry Smith, Valparaiso, Ind.	33
Arthur L. Dreher, 137 Tremont st., New Bedford, Mass.	33
Geo. W. Kellam, 28 E. King st., Lancaster, Pa.	33
H. A. Clark, 860 Thonson st., Philadelphia, Pa.	33
Perry Evans, 49 Green st., Sharon, Pa.	32
A. M. Kefer, Mongo, Ind.	32
Chas. E. Marshall, 17 Broad st., Providence, R. I.	32
Jno. Beldier, 222 S. Penn st., Allentown, Pa.	32
James Wagner, 201 Walnut st., Camden, N. J.	32
Wm. Bray, 9 Woodbine st., Pawtucket, R. I.	32
John Boyne, 751 Desplain st., Joliet, Ill.	32
Edw. Taylor, 1511 Ridge av., Philadelphia, Pa.	31
Eugene Kitch, 2304 Parade st., Erie, Pa.	31
Miss Minnie Dyer, 45 West av., Norwalk, Conn.	31
J. N. Voshall, Box 317, Dennison, O.	31
Harvey Applegate, Box 276, Montezuma, Iowa	31
Miss Nora Saure, 423 Camp av., Braddock, Pa.	31
Ambrose Z. Parvin, 23 S. Ann st., Lancaster, Pa.	31

J. J. R.—The cent of 1877 in good condition is worth two cents. The other coins bear no premiums. 2. If you are twenty-one in December, 1903, you cannot vote in November of the same year.

J. M. M.—You fail to state to what country you have reference. The manner would vary greatly. 2. You could address the foreign consul in this country and have him forward your offer to his Government.

LESTER WILKINSON.—You can find the meaning of postage stamps placed in different ways on a letter by reading answer to "M. K." in No. 387 of this paper. 2. The list of premiums is published in this paper.

HALE STUDEBECKER.—There is no premium on the half-dollar of 1827. 2. "The Boy Railroad King" began in No. 135 of this paper. We can supply from this number to date. From No. 1 to 134 are out of print.

O. G. Good.—You can discharge a small cannon by an electric battery and wire. 2. The only remedy that we can suggest is to apply a little healing ointment and keep your stomach and blood in good condition.

C. G. L.—Allyn Draper is between forty and fifty years of age. We cannot publish his real name. The "Frank Reade" library is entirely out of print. 3. At seventeen years a boy ought to weigh from 110 to 115 pounds, and be about 5 feet 4 inches tall.

C. H. W.—"Spanish Main" is the appellation formerly given to the southern portion of the Caribbean Sea, together with the contiguous coast embracing the route traveled by Spanish treasure ships. 2. The United States has seven territories. 3. The largest ship in the world is the Celtic of the White Star Line.

ELITE.—The length of time required for a boy to learn to play the violin well enough to take part in an orchestra would depend entirely on a boy's ability to learn. There is no fixed time for learning music of any kind, whether vocal or instrumental. If a boy has marked musical talent, and has plenty of perseverance and application he might do it in two years.

CADET.—It is not necessary to have a college education to pass the examination for a cadetship at West Point. Graduation from a first-class public school would be sufficient. You can find valuable information in "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet." Price 10 cents. Sent by mail upon receipt of price. 2. You are about the average height and weight.

W. W. W.—There has never been any "Jack Wright, Jr." published. 2. We have no intention of starting a library of that kind. You can find such stories among the late issues of "Pluck and Luck." 3. There were about forty of those stories published in the old "Wide Awake" library. 4. We cannot say at present what we may do in the future regarding those stories.

INQUIRER.—To transfer a common print try the following: Soak the newspaper picture in caustic potash, lay it face down on a sheet of white paper; then put it under pressure in a letter press, letting it stand a few moments, and you will find that you have made a copy of the picture. After a few trials you may become quite an expert. Do not attempt to transfer any valuable steel engraving, as you are very likely to destroy the original engraving.

ADELAIDE.—A good recipe for freckles is sulphocarbonate of zinc, two parts; rose water and glycerine, twenty-five parts; scented alcohol, five parts. Apply twice daily for from half an hour to an hour, and then wash off with cold water. 2. San Francisco has the most capacious harbor of any of the world's great trading markets. The landlocked bay of which this harbor is part is fifty miles long. The shipping of the entire globe could anchor in it in perfect safety.

BUNKER AND BUTTS.—Celluloid costs more than ordinary glass. 2. Films cost the most because they are more difficult to prepare. 3. Only three ingredients are used in common black powder: saltpeter, 75 parts; sulphur, 12.5 parts, and charcoal, 12.5 parts. 4. The Dominion of Canada was formed in 1867 by Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In 1870 Manitoba and the Northwest Territory was admitted, British Columbia in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1873. Newfoundland still remains a separate colony.

RED JACKET AND LITTLE FAWN.—President Wm. McKinley was born at Niles, O., Jan. 29, 1843. 2. "Snaps" embraced 72 numbers and "Three Chums" 60 numbers. We can still supply them. Price 5 cents each. 3. We cannot publish his name. 4. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is living. Kit Carson is dead. 5. The recipe for making chocolate cream candy can be found in "How to Make Candy." Price 10 cents. 6. Brazil raises the most coffee. 7. Lady-smith contains several thousand inhabitants; London, 4,536,063; Paris, 2,536,834; Chicago, 1,636,647, and Berlin, 1,884,151; 8. San Francisco has double the population of St. Paul. 9. They are real characters. 10. To enter West Point you must be between 17 and 22 years. 11. The first bicycle was used in Paris, France, in 1863.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

To save one, perhaps both eyes, when he was injured, a physician, it is said, voluntarily shut himself in a room made totally dark for nine months. The fortitude which enabled him to adopt this course, and the ingenuity by which he preserved his health and faculties in this, the most mentally and physically depressing of all forms of imprisonment, are sufficiently remarkable, but he also kept an accurate record of his impressions when he at last looked again upon the light, after the supreme moment at which he satisfied himself that he was not blind, but could see. He found that in nine months' darkness his eyes had lost all sense of color. The world was black, white and gray. They had lost the sense of distance. His brain interpreted a picture wrongly. His hand did not touch the object meant to be grasped. Practice soon remedied the last induced defect of sight. Experiments with skeins of various colored wool, in the presence of one who had normal color vision, restored this sense.

Don't miss the Bradys in "Secret Service" every week.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents, in sending a number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. Notice is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "Editors of HAPPY DAYS, 24 Union Square, New York."

NOTICE.

Readers of HAPPY DAYS who send questions to be answered in this column should bear in mind that HAPPY DAYS is made up and printed two weeks in advance of publication; consequently it will take from two to three weeks from the time we receive the questions before the answers will appear in print, and should the questions require any special research it may take longer. If readers will take this matter into consideration, they will readily see the folly of requesting us to put the answers to their questions in the next issue of the paper.

ROBT. J. BOSWELL.—We only have the book you name.

A. J. MARX.—United States dimes of 1823 bear no premium.

YOUNG PETE.—We do not accept any manuscript except from our regular contributors.

I. H. P.—There is no premium on a cent of 1822. 2. We cannot publish private addresses in this column.

A. M. F.—We can supply you with binders for "Happy Days" at 50 cents each. We have no binders for our libraries.

A. D. BELL.—The President of the United States receives \$50,000 a year. This is the largest salary paid by the Government.

ROB ROY.—There is no premium on any of the coins named. 2. The black-brown 10-cent Columbian stamp of 1892, used, is catalogued at 3 cents.